

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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HENRIETTA FELLER.

HENRIETTA FELLER was born in Lausanne, Switzerland. Her parents were people of wealth and high social standing, and she was thus brought early in contact with the most intellectual society which her native city afforded. She received a substantial education, and also acquired those higher accomplishments which fitted her to grace the cultivated circle in which she moved. She early married M. Feller, a gentleman of great affluence and respectability. She was now surrounded by all the environments of wealth, and every thing pointed to a life of elegant and refined enjoyments.

One child blessed this union, a sweet and interesting daughter. It was the death of this loved and idolized one which roused the mother from her trance of earthly happiness, and awakened that rich inner life which had hitherto slumbered within her. The death of her husband a few years after deepened the lesson, and led her to inquire with real earnestness whether, in her life of pleasant inaction she was fulfilling the great design of her being. To an humble and sincere purpose like hers the answer soon came, "Go, work in my vineyard." Putting aside all the suggestions of sloth, and the peculiar

attractions which life presented to her, she resolved to become a missionary.

It was no temporary exile upon which Mad. Feller determined, to be rewarded, after a few years, by a return to her native land, and an ovation from her admiring countrymen. The work to which she pledged herself was to be life-long, and followed only by the rest of the grave.

When the old and desolate, the world-weary and heart-sick seek relief in deeds of charity, we regard them with melancholy pity, but when the young and gifted, the gentle and tenderly nurtured go into cheerful and perpetual banishment for the love of Christ, they command our reverence.

In selecting a field of labor, Mad. Feller fixed upon the French settlers in Canada. Speaking the same language, and claiming a common ancestry with herself, they were little less degraded, morally and intellectually, than the Indians whom they had displaced.

Mad. Feller reached Montreal in 1835, and was there welcomed by M. and Mad. Olivier, two friends who preceded her in the missionary work. But she was soon deprived, by their removal, of a Christian intercourse which would have greatly solaced her lonely hours. In leaving Switzerland she had left herself no loop-hole for retreat in case she should find her work disagreeable. She had embarked her whole fortune in it. Her money was deposited with a gentleman in Montreal of unquestioned responsibility, but his failure soon after deprived her not only of the funds necessary for carrying on her enterprise, but also of her whole means of support. Reduced to poverty in a foreign land, and among a people who, instead of appreciating her generous sacrifice, watched every movement with jealous distrust, her faith and trust never failed her. She wrote to her friends in Switzerland for assistance, but was reduced to great distress before relief could reach her.

As there was no opening for imme-

diately labor in Montreal, she retired to St. John's. Here she suffered greatly, and often wanted for the necessities of life. In her hours of loneliness and want she had ample leisure to remember the abundance that was in her father's house. That affliction was the refiner's fire, to purify and brighten the graces of her heart, and strengthen her for her future work.

Soon the dark cloud was lifted, and light returned; her lovely and consistent character began to find appreciators. Pupils flocked to her school. For some time she pursued her labors without opposition, but upon the breaking of the Canadian rebellion, she became an object of causeless suspicion, and soon of open hostility; she was obliged to fly with sixty of her pupils to the United States. The little frontier town of Champlain offered the wanderers a shelter during the following winter, but they suffered many privations notwithstanding the humane efforts of their friends. On the return of tranquillity, Mad. Feller went back to Canada by invitation of the government.

She had now opportunity to retort upon her enemies by a civil prosecution, but in the gentle and forgiving spirit of her mission, she declined all retaliation, and returned quietly to her self-denying labors. Her admirable conduct on this occasion advanced her greatly in the confidence of the community, and so melted the hearts of her persecutors, that they withdrew their opposition, and suffered her to carry on her love-labors without hindrance.

In 1836 she made her last removal, and established her mission permanently at Grand Lique, about twenty miles from Montreal. There, under many discouragements, she has succeeded in building up an establishment which may be considered a model to all similar institutions. The buildings, erected by benevolent contributions gathered in Canada and the United States, accommodate several hundred pupils, and the youths who yearly go

out from those walls, are fast fulfilling the dearest wish of their foundress — to place the Bible and means of instruction within the reach of every child in the Provinces.

Through all the vicissitudes of her strange and almost romantic life, this interesting woman has preserved the warmth and freshness of her early piety. In trial she has not been cast down, and in prosperity she has not been elated. Her broad and benevolent face is the mirror of a soul at peace with God, and full of kindness toward all men.

Mad. Feller is now in the autumn of her life. She is still surrounded by her great household, who love and venerate her as a mother. She enjoys daily that which most soothes the infirmities of age — recollections of a useful life, intimate communion with God, and serene contemplations of a future state.

BESSIE LEE'S DIARY.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.
(Concluded.)

SEPT. 12. Domiciled once more, and warmly welcomed by my old friends and patrons of the "Mouser." A long journey it has seemed, and the delays almost unbearable. I felt like a fugitive fleeing from a pursuer, as I left the home which had sheltered me so long, and where hope had grown strong within me, only to die out in utter darkness, and leave but the ashes of remembrance. Jane wept, sorrowfully, bitterly, at parting, but said, something whispered in her heart, "Better this, than the other," and I only added, "Better." No one of the family heard us, and eagerly I waited for the signal of departure. An hour's delay, was the greatest misery I ever passed. I dreaded, lest I might after all have to face my cousins with a refusal to their wishes, for they must not know all, for poor Jane's sake, whose faith in her mother's goodness and purity could not be shaken, as it was her

faith — almost her religion. At length the signal came, and the whirling wheels with their hoarse rattle was the sweetest music I ever heard. How my poor heart bounded, as it beat out its cry, "faster, faster, still faster," and on, on, we went, till almost exultant, I could have laughed aloud. My heavy vail had been held down convulsively, lest I should meet some familiar face from the village, who would annoy me with its wonder.

"Where's your courage, Bessie Lee?" the little voice whispered, and up went the vail, and the glorious sunshine looked into my face, and laughed and gamboled about in the pure morning air, and seemed like some tangible presence which had come to cheer and strengthen me, in what had seemed my desolation; but who will believe me, if I write it? I was happy, free, and rejoicing in my freedom. I felt, as I have sometimes imagined a spirit might, who stands for the first time on the shores of the Great Beyond, and looks back at what he has passed, both of joy and grief, and thanks his great deliverer, Death, that it is all over. Faster, faster, sped the train, and brighter and brighter grew the sunlight, and happier grew Bessie Lee. Never since that morning at Mary Timon's had the sunbeams seemed so friendly, or meant so much, when they kissed me.

Had I loved Dr. Mason truly and earnestly, its glory would have mocked me, but admiration and gratitude, was all I had ever cherished, and that, where was it? It wasted itself in the smoke of Jane Carter's letters. How many a woman has married with a more frail basis than these two emotions, and called her feeling by the same name as I had given mine — love. I would make almost any sacrifice to remove the appearance of ingratitude from the minds of my cousins, but it can not now be. I can forgive the doctor his offense to me, not to Jane, if he explains to them. It was perhaps wrong that I did not stay and brave it out, and it seems as

though I could do it now, but then, not then. How strong and courageous we grow as we go *from* danger!

I am weary, very weary, and to-morrow I must see the head of the Institution, and learn my new duties. Thank God for something to do.

Sept. 13. How shall I write it? Let me see; I must begin at the beginning. This morning Mr. Dean, the head of the family where I am for the present staying, and through whose instrumentality I came here, said, "Miss Lee, the head of the male department of your school will call on you to-day, and he is a bachelor, good-looking, and"—my heart rebelled against any bandinage of this sort, just now, and I must have shown my disgust in my face, for his eyes twinkled all the merrier, and he held up his finger in a threatening way and said, "You shall be well paid for that tragic expression, my young dame!" and left me alone in the parlor. Mrs. Dean was attending to her domestics, and after a struggle for composure, I took a book and soon forgot the annoyance. Presently the door opened, and some one walked into the room in a familiar way, and I thought Mr. Dean had returned, and determined to punish him for what seemed an impertinence. I pretended to read on. The footsteps came slowly near me, but my eyes were kept perversely down.

"Bessie Lee!" I dropped the book, and starting up, there stood Harry Lane. Not a word could I utter, as he stood looking down into my upturned wondering face. "The same gray eyes, the same long silky brown hair, the same tiny figure, but no more a child—no more a child," he repeated half sadly and half surprised. "I was sure you would come. It was a promise hope gave me, Bessie Lee, and now let me hear your voice."

I did not think, as I do now, that it was a strange greeting, for I was too surprised to speak, before, or even then. I only said, "This happiness is too great for me; I can not comprehend it."

"You expected to find me here?"

"No."

"Did not Mr. Dean write that I was here?"

"No."

"Then you did not come, as I hoped and believed, because *I* wished it," and his lips quivered like a grieved child, as he turned and strode to the window.

"No," I said faintly, as new light broke in upon me, and I remembered the twinkle of Mr. Dean's eyes that morning.

Presently Mr. Lane came back, and without an emotion, seated himself, and commenced talking of our old home. I told him all; all—even how I had promised never to see him again *intentionally*—

"And you fulfilled your promise," he interrupted bitterly.

"Providence overruled it," I went on to say, "and now I am here."

"Dr. Mason must be my elder half-brother, whose name my father never allowed us to speak, and it seems he would not use it himself, for *Mason* is not his own. My father said he had insulted it, insulted us, and humanity. No one heard from him after he left home. His crime I learned from my aunt. "God forgive him!" Mr. Lane said earnestly. "Let us never speak of him again. For the girl's sake you were wise in keeping silence, but the imputation of your ingratitude or fickleness must be removed from the minds of your friends, as no stain shall rest on Bessie Lee's name for the sake of one whose blood runs in my veins, though I grieve to acknowledge it. If he does not explain, I will."

"And Jane?"

"She shall be removed where she shall not hear it, and cared for."

"Bless you, my friend!" and I offered him my hand as I said the words, but he did not take it. It was my turn to feel hurt now, and the tears came tumbling down into my lap.

"I am sorry I grieved you, but there is a wild storm in my heart,

Bessie. I will quell it, and this evening we will talk of future duties."

He went out, and to-night he is as calm and quiet as though nothing ever did, or could disturb him. Monday I am to begin my labor.

How kindly Providence has led me! May my life prove that I am not ungrateful. How different is Harry Lane from Eldred Mason! One fears the world, listens, and obeys its mandates, and the other loves God, and is guided by the "still small voice" within. One craves man's respect, and the other his own. One has stores of gold, and the good things it brings, the other has treasures of noble deeds, and the hope of a crown of Immortal life, when his Father shall please to call him home.

Sept. 20. A letter from Lillie — a blessed letter. How my wicked heart has wronged that woman! She tells me of the consternation of every one that morning at the note, which offered no satisfactory explanation. They sent for the doctor, and gave him the letter I left. He seemed paralyzed at the contents, and for a long while unable to speak, but after a time he asked to see my cousins alone, and under promise of secrecy from them he told the truth. He made over to cousin Weston as trustee, five hundred per annum for Jane, and she is to be educated at this late day. If they thought best, he would tell the poor girl, but it was considered better to keep it. He exonerated me entirely, and acknowledged his punishment as just.

Mr. Lane seems more rejoiced than myself over his confession. May God forgive him, as I do. Lillie did not blame me, but she was hurt that I should suppose she could desire me to marry a base man for the position he could give me. She regrets that she is so apt to square her conduct and ideas, by rules laid down by others, but in this case she could not listen to interest. I had never permitted her to love me, or given her my confidence.

I had lived for the dead, instead of the living.

The rebuke was kindly given, and justly merited. How many people like myself have gathered all the thorny flowers, counted all the dismal days, hoarded all the evils of life, and never let the bright, the beautiful, or lovely, make them glad. They repel affection, and then because they are not loved, they call the world a "vale of tears," because now and then a grief comes amid life's beautiful blessings. They receive mercies every day, and then grow gloomy, to show their gratitude. They think it a sin to be happy, when God has given them such abundant cause.

This sentence is for Bessie Lee's contemplation, for she has done all, all, and hoarded her misery. It is over now, for thankfulness, cheerfulness, and hopefulness, are mine henceforth.

Christmas. The sunshine comes softly, gently down, and the flowers are not all gone. It seems very strange to hear no merry sleigh-bells, but I scarcely miss them, for I miss nothing — *all* seems concentrated here. Busy life within, and sunshine without — hearts beating to the melody of their own happiness, and merry feet dancing to the music of many voices. The ringing sounds come softly up from below, and chime with the subdued feelings in my own heart. Even my diary, which has been my sole confidante so long, gets the secret grudging, for it is too precious to share with any. It has the history of one wooing, and must I suppose have another. When the spring time comes, I am to be married. Not to gold, for my days will be full of care; not to position, as the world estimates it, though in the eyes of Him who sees from the beginning, none can be higher. Life stretches out before me like a clear, swiftly rolling river, whose waters were for the nourishment of many harvests, whose tide was never still, but beautifying and strengthening forever.

Since I came to my new home, I have felt that a watchful eye was upon

every act, and almost every thought. Not one struggle for good but which has received a compensating smile; not one failure in duty but has had its sigh blended with a hope for the future of good. Noble Harry Lane! He has never played the lover with me; and while he gives his outward attention to others, his thoughts are mine. His peculiar smile he gives to me, while his laugh belongs to all. Last night as we sat under the lindens, Harry and I, talking of my father, who left me Christmas eve for his "abiding home," he said, "Bessie Lee, I should not have left you long ago, had I had true faith in my Heavenly Father's willingness to provide for his children, and known that you *really* placed so small a portion of your heart on wealth. But for my blindness I have been punished, by a long separation from you—how severely, you may never know, Bessie. Now we are together, never more to be divided in this life. I have not spoken of this, but your spirit has answered mine, when it called for sympathy in its loneliness, or encouragement in its despondency. When the spring comes, we will receive the benediction of man upon our union, even as we will now ask the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon our betrothal. Shall it be so, Bessie Lee?"

I gave him my hand, but not one word, and we knelt down under the stars, and Harry Lane called down the blessing of God upon us together, with an earnest solemnity which seemed to me a prophecy instead of a prayer, and a voice, audible as the beating of our own throbbing hearts, echoed, clearly—Amen.

He did not ask me to love him—he knew I did. He did not *desire* me to marry him—he *claimed* me as his own, and Bessie Lee did not remonstrate, even by a look. It was not arranged after the usual forms, nor was the compact of hearts sealed by vows or promises on either side. The stars twinkled and smiled, and seemed waltzing about as I looked up in their eyes,

and the leaves in the lindens rustled and quivered, and danced above us, and the little brook in the garden commenced a merrier babble, while we alone were silent and solemn. Too holy for words were the communings of our souls at that moment, and so we parted.

This morning we met in the great hall, and he said, "Merry Christmas, *my* Bessie; God bless you!"

That is all, dear diary, all about it. The world would say I might have chosen a position in life, where the surroundings would not whisper so audibly of the want of wealth—where every thing would not wear the label of care and economy; but I have chosen, and am content; more than that, I am happy, calmly, supremely happy, in view of the earnest life before me. Is *this* true life? The reply from the "still small voice" answers promptly in the affirmative. Once the reply to this question came in restless misgivings. Not now. The sunlight peers about the room in the same friendly way, and looks down through my eyes into my whole being, as it did but twice before in my life.

June. Winter's gone, and spring-time too, and poor diary would have still been forgotten, had not a *privileged* eye discovered and drawn it out from its hiding-place, and in spite of resistance, and eyes vainly covered with both my hands, it has been devoured, discussed, and mostly condemned, as a flattering piece of nonsense in the latter part, and bitterly uncharitable in the first. Then it was laid before me, the pen put in my fingers, and the orders given to "pick up the dropped threads and weave on." I would not disobey that voice even if I dared. His smile healed all that was said disapprovingly, and he wrote his name on the first leaf as his title to possession, and said that the law gave him all my property; he coveted this in particular.

I could not, if I would, go back over the time since the last date, as it would be more than my entire life

before. Not that I forget a moment—nor any word or wish that was precious enough to record has faded out from memory; but it would be such a quiet picture, if all were grouped together, with a rich atmosphere of placid enjoyment over it, that I will give it in one sketch. There are two pairs of eyes to look upon it, and I must be exact in its portraiture.

Long walks, longer talks, and rides, between busy days of hopeful toil, richly repaid by a ripening harvest of growing minds and expanding hearts. Fancy ever weaving her webs of future usefulness, while hope gilds and tints all, however common it may seem to other eyes, with a glorious beauty which reaches far over the present, and across the dark river which divides the here from the hereafter.

And about our marriage, and how it came about. The spring came, and gay blossoms nodded to each other, and to us, as if waiting to be called upon, when Henry dropped in to Mrs. Dean's, to say that he should have business, a week's ride over the country, and he wished me to go with him. He started in five days. Would we go to church the morning of our departure or before? "In the morning," I replied, and so it was.

The chapel bells rang out their joyous peal to the sunshine, and the sunshine answered with a glorious smile, as it peered through the lofty windows, and left its benediction on the two who knelt at the altar. Groups of children large and small filled the aisles, and their young hearts gave out their hopes, and prophecies, which will surely be fulfilled. Flowers, fresh and beautiful, were all the gifts we had, or desired, and they were plentiful as the freight of happiness we carried in our own bosoms.

Two weeks after, the same young faces looked up to ours for direction, and now the days speed on as before. Harry plays the lover now, when other men are said to put aside such foolishness. He always was unlike every-

body else, or I should not have loved him so well.

Ten years later. A matronly housekeeper, peeping into a journal of girlish years. How pleasant are all the remembrances it brings? Its hopes, how completely realized! Husband keeps quietly on in his profession, the same earnest, true-hearted lover of humanity, the same generous friend, whose companionship never grows old, whose sympathy is exhaustless, and whose forbearance to his Bessie's faults unwavering. Jane Parker has long since taken my place in the school-room, and believes still in the truth of her mother, as firmly as she follows the call of duty. Dr. Mason joined the hosts of the departed long ago, hoping in the promise given to the truly penitent. Weston and Lillie visit us during the winters, and we go to them with the little people during the summers. One is playing with the tassels of my morning gown, and reminding me that it is time for a romp. How can a mother find a higher enjoyment than in the daily duties of her sacred trust? God help those who look longingly to the empty husks of fashionable life for pleasure! Our luxuries are few, but our wants are abundantly supplied. If we lack pictures and statuary, like the lifeless ones of our friends, we have those which are more exquisite, in the lithe limbs of the children, as they tumble and frolic among the blossoms, and their upturned faces in their evening prayers, are pictures we hug to our hearts, and carry into dreamland.

When the summer sun goes down, all except Harry play about among the shrubs and flowers, the mother the merriest of all. Harry smiles the same sweet, old smile upon our gambols, till the stars come out, and laugh as they did ten years ago, when we gather to his side, and in the solemn stillness he commends us all to the care of Him who has dealt so kindly with us, and sleep comes down upon us as quietly as we some time hope it will in the Valley of Death.

KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

(Concluded)

"I WAS of course familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold; and once, when exposed for some hours in the midwinter of Baffin's Bay, I had experienced symptoms which I compared to the diffused paralysis of the electro-galvanic shock. But I had treated the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

"Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep: 'they were not cold: the wind did not enter them now: a little sleep was all they wanted.' Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last, John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded: an immediate halt could not be avoided.

"We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to start a fire: we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas, and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could. Then, leaving the party in charge of Mr. McGary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the half-way tent, and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

"The floe was of level ice, and the walking excellent. I can not tell how long it took us to make the nine miles; for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little apprehension of time. It was probably about four hours. We kept ourselves awake by imposing

on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through: we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear, who walked leisurely before us and tore up as he went a jumper that Mr. McGary had improvidently thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo-robes might probably share the same fate. Godfrey, with whom the memory of this day's work may atone for many faults of a later time, had a better eye than myself; and, looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same unceremonious treatment. I thought I saw it too, but we were so drunken with cold that we strode on steadily, and, for aught I know, without quickening our pace.

"Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent; for when we reached it the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo-robes and pemmican into the snow; we missed only a couple of blanket-bags. What we recollect however, and perhaps all we recollect, is, that we had great difficulty in raising it. We crawled into our reindeer sleeping-bags, without speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke, my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo-skin: Godfrey had to cut me out with his jack-knife. Four days after our escape, I found my woollen comfortable with a goodly share of my beard still adhering to it.

"We were able to melt water and get some soup cooked before the rest of our party arrived: it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and, considering

the circumstances, in wonderful spirits. The day was most providentially windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready: the crippled were repacked in their robes, and we sped briskly toward the hummock-ridges which lay between us and the Pinnacly Berg.

"The hummocks we had now to meet came properly under the designation of squeezed ice. A great chain of bergs stretching from northwest to southeast, moving with the tides, had compressed the surface-floes; and, rearing them up on their edges, produced an area more like the volcanic pedregal of the basin of Mexico than any thing else I can compare it to.

"It required desperate efforts to work our way over it,—literally desperate, for our strength failed us anew, and we began to lose our self-control. We could not abstain any longer from eating snow: our mouths swelled, and some of us became speechless. Happily, the day was warmed by a clear sunshine, and the thermometer rose to four degrees in the shade: otherwise we must have frozen.

"Our halts multiplied, and we fell half-sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefitted by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out.

"By eight in the evening we emerged from the floes. The sight of the Pinnacly Berg revived us. Brandy, an invaluable resource in emergency, had already been served out in tablespoonful doses. We now took a longer rest, and a last but stouter dram, and reached the brig at 1 P. M., we believe without a halt.

"I say *we believe*; and here perhaps is the most decided proof of our sufferings: we were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehen-

sion of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our footmarks seen afterward showed that we had steered a bee-line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory. Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig, God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track-lines; but he delivered with punctilious accuracy the messages I had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all, for I went through all the formula of sanity, and can recall the muttering delirium of my comrades when we got back into the cabin of our brig. Yet I have been told since of some speeches and some orders too of mine, which I should have remembered for their absurdity if my mind had retained its balance.

"Petersen and Whipple came out to meet us about two miles from the brig. They brought my dog-team, with the restoratives I had sent for by Bonsall. I do not remember their coming. Dr. Hayes entered with judicious energy upon the treatment our condition called for, administering morphine freely, after the usual frictions. He reported none of our brain-symptoms as serious, referring them properly to the class of those indications of exhausted power which yield to generous diet and rest. Mr. Ohlsen suffered some time from strabismus and blindness: two others underwent amputation of parts of the foot, without unpleasant consequences; and two died in spite of all our efforts. This rescue party had been out for seventy-two hours. We had halted in all eight hours, half of our number sleeping at a time. We traveled between eighty and ninety miles, most of the way dragging a heavy sledge. The mean temperature of the whole time, including the warmest hours of three days, was at forty-one degrees. We had no water except at our two halts, and were at no time able to intermit vigorous exercise without freezing.

"April 4, Tuesday.—Four days have passed, and I am again at my record of failures, sound but aching still in every joint. The rescued men are out of danger, but their gratitude is very touching. Pray God that they may live!"

In the midst of trials like these the winter passed. The want of warmth and light, and of fresh food, wearing them down so completely with the scurvy that their strength was well nigh exhausted. So that in April in reckoning up his crew he says:

"Eighteen souls, thank God! certainly not eighteen bodies."

With the disappearance of the darkness the Esquimaux came among them; thievish and sometimes troublesome, yet nevertheless not wholly unwelcome guests, because they were human. During the latter part of April Dr. Kane attempted with his sledges and some of his best men to force his way to the north, but in this he failed from physical exhaustion, and was brought back delirious to the brig. For many days he hung between life and death, the scurvy from which he had been suffering being complicated by an attack of typhoid fever. Others were similarly affected, and two of the party died before the winter had really disappeared. On the 23d of May he writes:

"The winter is gone! The Andromeda has been found on shore under the snow, with tops vegetating and green! I have a shoot of it in my hand!"

On the third of June another exploring party went out from the brig. They found the bears very abundant, and on one occasion one of these grizzly visitors walked in upon the party in their tent while they were sleeping, and was with difficulty made sensible of his intrusion, and induced to depart. The caches of provisions which they had arranged with so much care had yielded to the depredations of the bears. Of the last of these he says:

"The final cache, which I relied so

much upon, was entirely destroyed. It had been built with extreme care, of rocks which had been assembled by heavy labor, and adjusted with much aid often from capstanbars as levels. The entire construction was, so far as our means permitted, most effective and resisting. Yet these tigers of the ice seemed to have scarcely encountered an obstacle. Not a morsel of pemmican remained except in the iron cases, which, being round with conical ends, defied both claws and teeth. They had rolled and pawed them in every direction, tossing them about like footballs, although over eighty pounds in weight. An alcohol-case, strongly iron-bound, was dashed into fragments, and a tin can of liquor mashed and twisted almost into a ball. The claws of the beast had perforated the metal, and torn it up as with a cold chisel."

This party had set off in two divisions, and the one under Mr. Morton's charge penetrated to a point farther north than was reached at any other time, discovering that open sea with its evidences of animal life, of which we have heard so much since Dr. Kane's return. He says of it:

"It must have been an imposing sight, as he stood at the termination of his journey, looking out upon the great waste of waters before him. Not a 'speck of ice,' to use his own words, could be seen. There, from a height of four hundred and eighty feet, which commanded a horizon of almost forty miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of dashing waves; and a surf, breaking in among the rocks at his feet, stayed his farther progress."

The brief summer was spent in their sledge-voyages of discovery, and in efforts to move their ship from the spot where it is still frozen in; and when the gathering ice warned them of the coming winter, they felt that they were ill-prepared to meet it on the brig. It was now the 29th of August, and some of the party supposed it practicable to penetrate on foot to the south.

When the roll was called, only eight out of seventeen resolved to remain. Of this separation Dr. Kane says:

"I divided to the others their portion of our resources justly and even liberally; and they left us on Monday, the 28th, with every appliance our narrow circumstances could furnish to speed and guard them. One of them, George Riley, returned a few days afterward; but weary months went by before we saw the rest again. They carried with them a written assurance of a brother's welcome should they be driven back: and this assurance was redeemed when hard trials had prepared them to share again our fortunes."

Here is an account of the Esquimaux' festival after the long fasts to which the hunter's want of success sometimes subjected them. They eat their meat raw, cutting it directly from the dead animal, which in this case was a walrus:

"The Esquimaux, however gluttonously they may eat, evidently bear hunger with as little difficulty as excess. None of the morning party had breakfasted; yet it was after ten o'clock at night before they sat down to dinner. 'Sat down to dinner!' This is the only expression of our own gastrology which is applicable to an Esquimaux feast. They truly sit down, man, woman, and child, knife in hand, squatting cross-legged around a formidable joint,—say, forty pounds,—and, without waiting for the tardy coction of the lamp, falling to like college commoners after grace. I have seen many such feeds. Hans' account, however, of the glutton-festival at Etah is too characteristic to be omitted.

"'Why, Cappen Ken, sir, even the children ate all night: you know the little two-year old that Awiu carried in her hood—the one that bit you when you tickled it?—yes. Well, Cappen Ken, that baby cut for herself, with a knife made out of an iron hoop, and so heavy that it could barely lift it, and cut and ate, and ate and cut, as long as I looked at it.'

"'Well, Hans, try now and think; for I want an accurate answer: how much as to weight or quantity would you say that child ate?' Hans is an exact and truthful man: he pondered a little and said that he could not answer my question. 'But, I know this, sir, that it ate a *sipak*'—the Esquimaux name for the lump which is cut off close to the lips—'as large as its own head; and three hours afterward, when I went to bed, it was cutting off another lump and eating still.' A *sipak*, like the Dutch governor's foot, is, however, a varying unit of weight."

Of raw meats Dr. Kane says:

"Our journeys have taught us the wisdom of the Esquimaux appetite, and there are few among us who do not relish a slice of raw blubber or a chunk of frozen walrus-beef. The liver of a walrus (*awuktanuk*) eaten with little slices of his fat, of a verity it is a delicious morsel. Fire would ruin the curt, pithy expression of vitality which belongs to its uncooked juices. Charles Lamb's roast-pig was nothing to *awuktanuk*. I wonder that raw beef is not eaten at home. Deprived of extraneous fibre, it is neither indigestible nor difficult to masticate. With acids and condiments, it makes a salad which an educated palate can not help relishing; and as a powerful and condensed heat-making and anti-scorbutic food it has no rival."

Before Christmas the party who left the brig in August had returned to them, and they spent another long dark winter in the brig, suffering fearfully for want of fresh food.

On the first of May they commenced preparations for escape from their ice-bound harbor. Their three boats were so prepared that they could be drawn over land on sledges. Provisions were cooked so as to be carried in the easiest possible way. The men selected a few pounds of their most valuable effects, and the sick were sent forward by tedious relays on the sledges. After several returns to the brig for provisions to furnish the sick, and supply

the working ones with sufficient stores, the last bread was baked, and the last farewell taken, and the party finally went forward toward the open water.

The boats were soon launched, and they urged their tedious way through ice and water to the southward, suffering much from famine as they went. Of the first seal they killed he says:

"The men seemed half crazy: I had not realized how much we were reduced by absolute famine. They ran over the floe, crying and laughing, and brandishing their knives. It was not five minutes before every man was sucking his bloody fingers, or mouth-ing long strips of raw blubber.

"Not an ounce of this seal was lost. The intestines found their way into the soup-kettles without any observance of the preliminary home-processes. The cartilaginous parts of the fore-flippers were cut off in the *melee*, and passed round to be chewed upon; and even the liver, warm and raw as it was, bade fair to be eaten before it had seen the pot."

Eighty-four days they passed thus in the open air, and at last encountered a boat from Upernavik.

"What of America?" was the first question.

"America?" said Carlie; "we don't know much about America here, for they have no whalers on the coast; but a steamer and barque passed up a fortnight ago, and have gone out into the sea in search of your party."

Landing at Upernavik they were welcomed with boisterous joy by the inhabitants. Of the sensation of meeting again with an approach to civilized life he says:

"We could not remain within the four walls of a house without a distressing sense of suffocation. But we drank coffee that night before many a hospitable threshold, and listened again and again to the hymn of welcome, which, sung by many voices, greeted our deliverance."

On the 6th of September they left Upernavik in a Danish vessel, and ar-

rived at Godhavn, the inspectorate of North Greenland on the 11th. Of their meeting with Capt. Hartstene's squadron he says:

"The *Mariane* had stopped only to discharge a few stores and receive her papers of clearance; but her departure was held back to the latest moment, in hopes of receiving news of Captain Hartstene's squadron, which had not been heard of since July 21st.

"We were upon the eve of setting out, however, when the look-out man at the hill-top announced a steamer in the distance. It drew near, with a barque in tow, and we soon recognized the stars and stripes of our own country. The *Faith* was lowered for the last time into the water, and the little flag which had floated so near the poles of both hemispheres opened once more to the breeze. With Brooks at the tiller and Mr. Olrik at my side, followed by all the boats of the settlement, we went out to meet them.

"Not even after the death of the *usuk* did our men lay to their oars more heartily. We neared the squadron, and the gallant men that had come out to seek us; we could see the scars which their own ice-battles had impressed on the vessels; we knew the gold lace of the officer's cap-bands, and discerned the groups who, glass in hand, were evidently regarding us.

"Presently we were alongside. An officer, whom I shall ever remember as a cherished friend, Captain Hartstene, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel shirt, 'Is that Dr. Kane?' and with the 'Yes!' that followed, the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented."

H. E. A.

THE night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay,
The greatest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starling lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God who loveth all his works,
Has left his hopes with all.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY GERTRUDE TREAT WILLSON.

IN undertaking to write upon so important a subject, one embracing such a field of thought, and awakening such pure and holy sentiments, I feel not only its vast importance, but my inability to discharge faithfully the task, that is not self-imposed, but one assumed at the earnest request of a friend.

First, let us inquire what is education? Is it simply knowledge derived from books, from mankind, or, from the elements of the earth, air, and sky? One possessing a thorough acquaintance with all these would be deemed *highly educated*. But in acquiring this useful information, what effect has it had upon the heart? How has it expanded and elevated it in the scale of human perfection? Has it given the student enlarged views of life; of his obligations to his Creator, to himself, and to society? Too often is this, that should be the *basis* of all knowledge, sadly neglected, or so superficially inculcated that it is forgotten while accumulating other knowledge from books and surrounding objects.

Our system of education is replete with errors. The majority aim only to develop the intellectual faculties, while the social and moral faculties are left to grope their way through the dark by-paths of ignorance as best they can.

The student graduates, feeling confident that he has done the best he could in improving the talent given him. And the parents congratulate themselves with the fallacious idea that they have done all that could be required of them, in defraying the expenses of his education. So the child is supposed to be fully prepared, and is permitted to go into the world to buffet with its conflicting elements. Highly educated — yes, polished, as the mass term it. But success does not attend him. And why? A want of *moral courage* drags down the in-

tellectual soul, so that it dare not stand boldly forth in self-defense, proclaiming the lofty and divine principles of humanity. Social and domestic discord add their bitter alloy to the cup of happiness, that might have been all sweet and pure, had a thorough knowledge of self — of human nature, of its wants, its frailties, been early inculcated. Who is at fault?

Let me lead the mother back through the long labyrinth of years, and ask her a few questions relative to the early training of her child. Did you suppress the first outburst of passion in your prattling little one, and, with gentle yet firm and unremitting care, impress upon his plastic mind the great importance of self-control — of keeping all the selfish propensities in subjection to the higher power? Did you teach him by example as well as precept, to be true to himself, and to acknowledge his Creator as the giver of every good and perfect gift? Would that to these questions, and many similar ones, you would answer in the affirmative. But I fancy I hear a sad and mournful negative. Memory is at her post, and calls up from the past the first attempts of your little one to deceive you in trifles. You then thought it an evidence of *superior genius*; and, therefore, let it pass unchecked, until that vicious propensity had become strong with years. Had you then taken your little one on your knee, and in calm but earnest manner portrayed the sinfulness of deception, and the errors to which it would lead if persisted in, you would have been rejoiced to see how your child's heart would have assumed its natural tone, and would have sighed to be forgiven by you and its God. For nature will be true to itself if we are true to it. Did you with the same earnestness check all feelings of jealousy, self-love, or vanity, or remember that the infant mind is "wax to receive, and marble to retain?"

Oh, mothers, yours is a life-long task. Before your child can lisp your name, it reads your thoughts,

and indellible impressions are made upon its mind, the effect of which will cease only with eternity. When you assumed the responsibility of mother, and received your infant fresh from the hands of its Creator, did you believe that its little heart was tainted with sin, that it was then deceitful and desperately wicked?

Mothers, do not enter lightly upon your task. Consider the great responsibility of training an immortal soul; remember that you are accountable for the manner in which you direct its course. You hold as it were your child's destiny in your hand. Mold it carefully, guard it jealously, Think not to keep it always from temptation, for soon it must go out from your watchful care; therefore give it that firmness of character which it will need. Strengthen *all* its moral and mental faculties, that it may have power to *resist* temptation. Look earnestly to Him who is light and truth, for that wisdom that you will daily need. Keep in mind that little rule, "Know and govern thyself." And, if you are ever vigilant, ever true to your noble mission, you will reap your reward here, and it will be great in your Father's kingdom. So live, and your children will rise up and call you blessed.

MEADVILLE, PA. *Feb.*, 1857.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

ABSENCE of mind has so long been considered a mark of genius, that few take pains to avoid the pernicious habit. It is one of the infirmities of great minds, and is almost unpardonable, even when associated with the overpowering splendor of superior talents. It is no positive proof of genius; the weakest minds are prone to extreme absence. This is very different from the power of abstraction, which belongs in a pre-eminent degree only to minds of the highest order. It is peculiarly inconvenient for women to be absent minded. The thousand and

one daily cares and employments, which must each receive due attention in a well ordered household, render it necessary for a woman to have her thoughts always about her. Suppose, at the head of her dinner-table she gets into a fit of absence; her guests are neglected, the servants are at fault, and make dozens of blunders in consequence of hers, and when at last she comes back again, she resumes the conversation where it had been dropped ten minutes before, much to the amusement and embarrassment of her guests, and her own and her husband's mortification. An absent minded woman can not be uniformly polite. She may be kindly disposed, and perfectly well-bred, yet she will pass her most intimate friend in the street without speaking to her; take the most comfortable seat at a neighbor's fire-side appropriated to an aged and infirm member of the family; fix her eyes in church upon some one until the person is exceedingly annoyed and embarrassed; interrupt conversation by remarks entirely irrelevant, and commit many other peculiarities while under this temporary alienation of mind, which would shock her, at another time, as offending against the plainest rules of propriety.—*Mrs. Tuthill.*

CHILD OF SORROW.

CHILD of sorrow! Child of sorrow,
Murmur not beneath the rod,
There may be a joyful morrow,
Treasured up for thee with God.

When the night of pain is darkest,
When thy path is cold and drear,
Trust in God — He surely marketh,
Every pang and every tear.

If thy spirit bow before him,
With a heartfelt humble prayer.
If thy fervent faith adore him,
He will banish thy despair.

He will teach thee resignation,
He will give thee heartfelt peace,
Blessed hope and consolation,
Riches and immortal bliss.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

BY REV. WILLIAM ARNETT.

IT is a great matter for a parent, if he is able to say to his grown son, "I have taught thee in the way of wisdom: I have *led* thee in right paths." Teaching and leading are closely allied, but not identical. It is possible and common to have the first in large measure, where the second is wanting. They are two elements, which together make up a whole. With both, education in a family will go prosperously on; where one is wanting, it will be halting and ineffectual. Many a parent who acquits himself well in the department of teaching his children, fails miserably in the department of leading them in the right path.

It is easier to tell another the right way than to walk in it yourself. To lead your child in right paths implies that you go in them before him. Here lies the reason why so many parents practically fail to give their children a good education. Only a godly man can bring up his child for God. It is not uncommon to find men who are themselves vicious, desiring to have their children educated in virtue. Infidels will sometimes take measures to have Christianity taught to their children. Many will do evil: few dare teach it to their own offspring. This is the unwilling homage which the evil are constrained to pay to goodness.

Great is the effect, when parents consistently and steadfastly go before their children, giving them a daily example of their daily precepts; but to teach the family spiritual things, while the life of the teacher is carnal, is both painful and fruitless. A man can not walk with one leg, although the limb be in robust health; more especially if the other limb, instead of being altogether wanting is hanging on him, and trailing after him dead. In this case it is impossible to get quit of the impediment. It will not off. The only way of getting relief from its weight is

to get it made alive. An example of some kind parents must exhibit in their families. If it be not such as to help, it will certainly hinder the education of the young.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

I CAN not make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes; — he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on his chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that — he is not there!

I thread the crowded street:
A satcheled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored
hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that — he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead
fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispered that — he is not
there!

I can not make him dead!
When passing by his bed,
So long watched over with parental care;
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that — he is not
there;

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought — that he is not
there!

When, at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though — though he is
not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he? —
 The form I used to see
 Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
 The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
 Is but his wardrobe locked — *he* is not
 there!

He lives! — in all the past
 He lives; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair:
 In dreams I see him now;
 And on his angel brow
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
 Father, thy chastening rod
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
 'T will be our heaven to find — that he is
 there!

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

LIES the infant sleeping
 On its mother's bosom,
 Tender as the petals
 Of the lily blossom;
 Pure as Heaven's crystals
 Falling on the lily,
 Falls the love of mother
 On her little Willie.

Like Eolian music
 In the summer even,
 Softly floats a breathing
 To the gates of Heaven;
 Jesus bends to listen, —
 Jesus' heart is loving; —
 And around the infant
 Angel wings are moving.

Mothers' prayers how holy!
 When the darkling shadows
 Fall across the sunshine
 Lying on life's meadows —
 When, all wrapt in darkness,
 Weeps the orphan Willie,
 Weeps above his mother
 Buried in the valley, —
 God will then remember
 All that mother's prayers,
 And send a beam from Heaven
 To dry the orphan's tears.

GRANDVILLE, MICH., Feb., 1857.

It is a trifle — give a mill
 To help the poor along;
 'Tis not the amount — it is the will
 That makes the virtue strong.

HOW TO SELECT A DRESS.

THE material should be suitable for the season, and not chosen with especial reference to its price. We mention this simple fact, because, of late years, some members of "the oppressed sex" think it perfectly right to take as much as they can argue and coax the husband out of, to buy a dress with. To state that ladies generally select their dresses, like the old fashion of mounting a play at the Bowery, regardless of taste or expense, would be a libel on their taste and intelligence that we could not, by any chance, be guilty of. We only desire to state facts; and when we so often see ladies wearing rich, heavy silks as walking-dresses, in summer, we mutely say to ourselves, they should have a friend to tell them of the impropriety. Then again, how much more comfortable and appropriate does a robe of rich cashmerette, delaine, *droguet*, or Tartan cassimere, appear in the street during the inclement season? In our humble opinion, silk should never be made into a walking-dress. The color as well as the material should be taken into consideration; and when the goods are ornamented with several colors, it should be remembered that those with a preponderance of carmine should be selected as the tone or *nuance* best suited for ages above forty, or for those whose complexions want a livelier tone; while light blue, green, and straw colors, are always becoming to a fresh and youthful face. It is well also to bear in mind the figure, and to always select the smallest that the fashion permits. Of whatever goods you may wish to select a robe, be sure, above all things, that the quality be good and the colors fast. Four good dresses, well chosen, are better than a dozen selected without taste and judgment. The goods and trimmings should be similar in quality: and this is a matter of more importance than may be supposed at the first blush of the idea; for the quality of the trimmings should be

good enough to wear as long as the dress, and no longer; and the better the quality of the dress, the fewer trimmings will be required, and the longer the whole will last. From a very mistaken notion, some ladies do not wish their dresses to last a long time; but the contrary has always been the case with women of the best taste, and highest reputation for beauty — such as Lady Mary Montague, and countless others; and this we take to have been their philosophy: Having bestowed much time and pains on selecting and getting a dress properly made, the pictorial effect was, probably, as nearly perfect as it ever would be, while they were growing old; and as first impressions are supposed to last longest, they did not wish to try the dubious experiment of effacing them by changing the surroundings of those proportions of lights and shadows which pass with the world for beauty, by and under which they were first admired.

WHICH WAY?

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

THERE was a heavy fall of wet snow, and the cars moved slowly — very. I had looked at my watch often, for I was anxious to reach my destination before nightfall; but as the afternoon wore on, I saw that there was little prospect that my wishes would be gratified. I had traveled alone before, and had full confidence in a lady's power of taking care of herself under all ordinary circumstances; but still there were rubs in the world that I would have preferred to avoid rubbing through alone, if I could do so conveniently.

"I hope you will be safely housed before dark," were my father's last words, as he bade me good-by at the depot, and I echoed his wish very heartily. But now as the day waned toward the early twilight, I had given up this hope, and sat contemplating the prospect there was before me of

pushing through remorseless crowds of men to secure my baggage, and then from among the dusky throng of clamorous runners who dinned the names of strange hotels in my ears — of selecting a hackman who should wheel me out into the dark, in search of unknown shelter for the night and for the Sabbath. So I sat with my feet on the floor rail of the opposite seat, and my hands lying listlessly in my lap, conning over the matter; not with any nervous trepidation, but still with a serious wish that the ordeal were past, when the door opposite me was opened, and a graceful-looking woman, followed evidently by her husband and child, entered the car. She was rather above the ordinary height, and dressed with unusual care and skill, with a clear skin, and regular but not very expressive features, yet in her whole making up she had power to fix the attention of every one in the car the moment she entered. I recognized her at once as an old school acquaintance — I could hardly say friend, for there was little in our characters that could assimilate, though I had known her very well, and we had been thrown together as room-mates for one season while at school. Subsequently I had heard of her marriage in the city to which I was going, but I had known nothing more of her. She recognized me with great apparent delight as she passed down the car, and named me to her husband, Mr. Morse, a light-haired, easy-looking man, who carried the carpet-bags and the baby, and looked as if he could have taken charge of several more packages without feeling in the least overwhelmed; and then after they had secured a seat, and located the fixtures, she came back and sat for a half hour beside me, talking over old school acquaintances, and telling me all about her husband.

"You would like him so well," she said. "I have told him a great deal about you. He is doing a fine business on B. . . . Street, and is a member of Dr. K. . . . 's church, and a teacher

in the Sabbath school. My brothers think I have made such an excellent marriage. I know he would just suit you—he is so high principled.”

To all this of course I had nothing to say, but I could not help casting a backward thought at the husband who sat behind me, and indulging a vague wonder at the choice he had made of a companion in life. “Is he strong enough,” thought I, “for the burden he has undertaken? Which way will the balance of power lie?”

But Helen rattled on; and having told me that her little girl was nearly a year and a half old, and had received two coral necklaces and a variety of trinkets from her uncles and other friends, and was a great pet in the family, she proceeded to investigate the state of my own affairs.

“How strange that I should have been married so long before you,” she said, “when you had so many more gentlemen friends at the school!”

I thought that school was hardly the place where Helen was best fitted to shine, but I only said with a smile that she must remember my friends at school were mostly among my teachers, not among the marrying men.

“True,” she said, “I don’t know but they were. But there was Mr. . . . , and Mr. . . . , and Mr. They were all such friends of yours, and now they are all married, and you are not.”

“You seem to make no distinction between friends and admirers,” I replied. “These were just the persons to ask my advice about the person they should marry, or the mode of making a declaration, as they would have done of a mother or aunt.”

“Oh!” she said, “you always fancied yourself so old, and yet you are three months younger than I.”

“There is more than one kind of age,” I said quietly.

“I am sure I don’t know what you mean,” she exclaimed.

I was well aware of that, and did not try to explain; but I thought that if Helen’s husband were going to ex-

ert a useful influence over her he had not made much progress yet. She seemed much pleased to learn that I proposed to spend the winter in their city; and after she had left me she came back just as the river lights began to fleck the darkness, upon our approach to the town.

“You are not going to a hotel to-night,” she said. “You must come home with us.”

I was a little startled at this abrupt invitation, for I had not thought of its possibility before, and it struck me that there were few people from whom I would not as soon receive a civility of the kind as from Helen Morse. So I replied that I could not think of burdening them in that way; but if her husband would assist me to a carriage for one of the hotels he might relieve me from some embarrassment.

“Tom!” called Helen across the cars, and her husband and baby made their appearance. “Miss thinks she must go to a hotel; but—”

“You must not think of it,” said he good-naturedly, taking up his wife’s argument. It will be so dismal spending the whole Sabbath at a hotel, and then Helen tells me you have a boarding-place to look up. We will give you all the assistance we can when Monday comes.”

Thus kindly urged I hardly knew how to refuse the invitation, and in the end accepted it, though, I confess, it was with some misgivings as to what might be the nature of Helen’s housekeeping.

It was to a pleasant and rather elegantly furnished house in a desirable part of the city, that I was introduced as the home of Helen Morse; and though I had to listen to some high-wrought apologies for the state in which her affairs were found, and discovered some whispering and bustle, with an apparently unusual urging up of the untidy servant girl, as it came through the opened doors, still the evening passed off pleasantly enough. Mr. Morse was a social, open-hearted man, with some show of information, of which his wife seemed exceedingly

proud, but evidently no great thinker — one of those who might easily have become a Spiritualist or a Millerite, from the entrance of one or two new ideas into a head where they become gaseous, because there was too much vacant space for them to be condensed, and no test to precipitate them.

But on the whole I thought as Helen's brother did, that she had made a very good match, and that if either family could consider the member gained by this marriage as an acquisition, it should be the one to which she belonged. They had been house-keeping but a few months, having boarded through the first two years of their married life at a hotel. But an arm of the damask-cushioned rocker in which I had been urged to sit was broken off, and I was so much annoyed by its constant fall to the floor, that I soon changed my seat to a beautiful easy chair in the corner. Here I found a castor gone, so that I was tilted down in a very uncomfortable way.

"Worley took his tea before we came," said Helen, as she seated herself at the supper table, and she then explained that Worley was clerk in the store and boarded with them.

The conversation went on briskly enough through the evening until a late hour, but without any apparent comprehension of the fact that we were all weary and might as well retire, until I hinted it myself; and then it occasioned so much stir and bustle that I wished myself at a hotel, where a chambermaid who was well paid for her services might bring me what I required.

The next morning it rained — a cold, sleety, winter's rain, and I woke to hear it showering against the panes long before the family appeared to be stirring below; and when they did at last rouse themselves, there came up from the parlors so much of the whispering and bustle that I had noticed the previous evening, that I supposed my presence there would be superflu-

ous, and remained shivering in my room until the call to breakfast.

"You must excuse Tom for being a little in a hurry," said Helen, as we gathered in the dining-room. "It's twenty minutes to nine, and Sabbath school begins at nine. It is very hard to get ready so early Sabbath morning."

"I used always to be off in good season before I was married," began Tom: —

"But there are so many things to hinder one in a family," broke in Helen with prompt explanation. "And little Helen often keeps us awake."

The apology was one which could readily be comprehended, but I could not help remembering the old dilatory habits which had so troubled Helen at school. The breakfast was not cooked with such skill as to render it very inviting, and we were soon through with it, and before nine I was again in my room, leaving Tom Morse to finish his hasty preparations at ease.

With all my efforts I had not been able to close the door of my room, for it was out of order in some way, and let in the sounds from below much more readily than I could have wished. Throwing a shawl over my shoulders, I sat down by the window and watched the driving freezing rain upon the pavement and the sidewalks. Presently the gate opened, and Luke Worley, the clerk, came up the yard for his breakfast. He was a nice, trimly dressed young man, careful of plashing his boots as he picked his way among the water pools, and poising his umbrella daintily over his head. I heard him enter the hall, and after making a cautious deposit of his umbrella and overcoat, pass into the dining-room. Only a moment after the parlor-door opened, and Tom Morse bustled into the hall.

"I believe you are all ready now, ain't you, Tom?" I heard Helen say. "And it's only just struck nine — you'll be in time."

"Yes!" muttered her husband, "if I could only ever find any thing."

Helen!" he called out, and Helen appeared to hurry nervously to his side. "Where's my umbrella?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Tom; I left it at brother Will's the other day. Here, take Worley's."

"Why, Helen!" said Tom, with some impatience; "that is the third umbrella you have left somewhere within a short time. Now, what am I to do?"

"Here, take Worley's," repeated Helen in a whisper; "he'll never know but what it was a mistake. I'll bring home the others to-morrow."

"But how is Worley to get back to the store?" said Tom, evidently hesitating over his dilemma.

"Oh, it is n't so much matter about him; he can dry himself when he gets there, and you can't. There, take it; I will make it all right with him."

"I think it's hardly fair, Helen," he said, hesitating; but it was only for a moment, and I saw him issue into the street sheltered by the clerk's umbrella.

Helen returned to the parlor, and it was only a short time before Luke Worley had finished his breakfast, and coming back into the hall began a fidgety search for the missing umbrella.

"Confound them!" I heard him mutter between his teeth. "Mrs. Morse!" he called, half opening the parlor door. "Do you know what has become of my umbrella?"

"No!" she replied promptly. "Don't you find it there?"

"No, I don't!" said he tartly, continuing his fruitless search.

"Where did you put it?" asked Helen innocently, coming to his assistance.

"Here on the oil cloth behind the door," said he angrily. "Some one must have taken it away."

"I do not think any one could have moved it," said Helen. "Are you sure you had one?"

"Of course I did. It rained shot when I came in, and I sat it just here."

"Well, really, it is very strange," she continued, bustling about. "Bridget!" she called out; "have you seen any thing of Mr. Worley's umbrella?"

"No, ma'am!" drawled Bridget from the dining-room.

"Are you sure you hav'n't moved it? Look in the kitchen and see if it is there?"

"Taint here, ma'am," called out Bridget again, after a brief search about her premises.

"Why, do look again, Bridget. Are you sure you hav'n't moved it? Mr. Worley says he put it in the hall."

"I hain't touched it," replied the girl.

"Mr. Morse must have taken it," said Worley, sulkily, bringing out the conclusion which he had apparently arrived at some time before. "There was no other umbrella here when I came in."

"Why! dear me," said Helen, with the greatest concern, "I wonder if he did. He must have thought it was his own: that is where his always sits. I am so sorry."

"It was dripping with wet," growled Worley.

"But he was in such a hurry," suggested Helen; "I know it was a mistake. He would not have taken it on any account if he had not thought it was his own. I am very sorry."

"It's a pretty muss to be left in this storm without an umbrella," he grumbled.

"Why! so it is. Had n't you better walk into the parlor and sit till it clears up a little?"

"No, ma'am," he answered, opening the door; "I am going to church this morning;" and with his overcoat buttoned close to his chin, he issued out into the rain.

I felt little like retreating to the parlor after having been the unwilling witness of this little episode; albeit, it did not surprise me so much as it might have done but for my previous acquaintance with Helen.

But the cold soon drove me down, and I sat through the rainy morning listening to her regrets that the storm kept us from church.

"Mr. Morse's seat," she said, "was the third from the pulpit. He always occupied a prominent seat. And the ladies were wearing such beautiful hats this winter. Mrs. M. . . . had the finest assortment that had ever been brought to town. The polka velvets were so exquisite. Her own cost . . . dollars! Where had I purchased mine? Did I send to town for it or procure it at home?"

And so the stream ran on till I was very weary. It was near noon, when, taking advantage of a brief lull in the conversation, I went up to my room for a book, for there lay only the most puerile of gift-books upon her table. Before I had found the book I wanted, her husband returned from church, and Helen came into the hall to meet him. They seemed to have quite forgotten the state of my door, and that I could not avoid hearing all that passed in the hall, although Helen had apologized for its obstinacy the night before.

"What did Worley say about the umbrella?" he asked at once when she made her appearance.

"Oh, he scolded, but I told him it was a mistake, and you never would have taken it if you had known."

"Oh, what a delightful little cheat you are!" he laughed, as they passed together into the parlor.

Your adjective is too small for your noun, thought I, as my mind ran through a tissue of similar memories that had dotted my knowledge of his wife, and I regretted that I had allowed circumstances to throw me so closely in contact with her again.

The next morning immediately after breakfast, I prepared to go out, and while in my room, Mr. Morse and his wife came again into the hall, where he appeared to take leave of her very affectionately every day. Helen was speaking when the door opened.

"And if she does," I heard her whisper, "you will let me have the money, and then I can get the set of jewelry at H. . . .s"

"Oh, yes! that will be very nice," said he, evidently willing to be pleased at all his wife's proposals.

A few moments after I went down, and Helen appeared much surprised at seeing me ready for the street. I told her, in reply to her remonstrances, that it was quite necessary that my winter's duties should be arranged immediately, and I must start early.

"But I was going out with you if you would only wait a little," she said. "You are such a stranger here, I can not think of letting you go alone."

And when I replied that I knew the streets very well, and would not trouble her by any means, she said that she had been talking with Tom about it, and they thought if I wished for a boarding-place, I could not be better suited than with them. Their location was very central, and they would board me at a lower price than any one else, for the sake of my company. Tom would be delighted to have me with them. They would make it as pleasant for me as possible, and it would save me all the trouble of running about among strange boarding-places.

To be sure it would, and it was an ordeal I had dreaded, but then I had an affection for my own umbrella and overshoes, and for some other things in the world besides; and, moreover, it flashed upon me at once where the money for that jewelry at H. . . .s was to come from. So I replied that I must attend to other affairs first before I decided what would be my most convenient boarding-place. I had some letters to send, and one or two persons to see.

"Well, you had better think of our offer," she said. "Who are your letters for?"

"I hardly know; I believe Dr. . . . , and are among them."

"Why, they are among the very

best people in town. I will call with you. It will not take me ten minutes to be ready, and I know the way so well."

"I do not intend to call with my letters, certainly," I said; "I shall send them. Good morning!" and I was hurrying into the street.

"But you will return to dinner won't you?" she called after me.

"Thank you! I think I shall return before dinner-time," I replied. "I shall probably have my affairs arranged in a couple of hours;" and I breathed more freely when I was by myself in the street.

"It is bad," I said to myself, as I went on. "He is a yielding, inoffensive man, and she leads him wholly and will lead him wholly wrong."

* * * * *

I avoided the Morses as much as possible that winter, both for my own comfort, and because I knew that Helen was not the kind of passport I wanted to a circle of acquaintances in a strange place; for beautiful and popular as she seemed to be, I was confident that no person of sufficient discernment to be valuable as a friend could fail to understand her. Yet I was met on every side with, "What a very lovely woman is your friend, Mrs. Morse?" "Your friend, Mrs. Morse, is a woman of most exquisite taste," and other remarks of the kind.

"I understand you were very intimate at school," said a sharp-voiced woman, of whom I knew very little, looking at me over her spectacles in continuance of some such suggestion.

"We were room-mates for one season at a boarding-school," I replied, with some hesitation.

"Oh, well," said she in the same tone, "'tisn't always necessary to be intimate with those whom we board with."

"Certainly not," said I; "close contact does not always insure intimacy."

"Intimacy or repulsion," she said, at the same time receiving but

evidently not accepting a hint from her daughter who sat by, that she might be treading upon dangerous ground.

"Don't you admire her very much?" said the daughter to me.

"She is a very fine looking woman," I replied.

"Well, it was the strangest match in the world," said the sharp voice. "We thought him a very good young man, but he made a fool of himself if nothing worse, when he married her."

In the spring I left the place, and have visited it twice since. On the first occasion I learned when I inquired for the Morses, that he had failed in business, and was now shifting from one thing to another, winning little respect or confidence from any one. On my second visit I learned the particulars of what I had heard before: that he was in prison for forgery, and that Helen had passed entirely from the memories of those who once knew her. And I set it down sorrowfully in the list of my experiences of the power that woman must exert for good or evil.

THE BACHELOR.

A BACHELOR sat at his blazing grate,
And he fell into a snooze,
And dreamed that o'er his wrinkled pate
Had been thrown the nuptial noose.

A rosy boy came to his side,
And bounded on his knee,
And back from his beaming face he shook
Fair curls in childish glee.

Then clear rang out his merry voice,
He shouted aloud — "Papa!
I don't love anybody else
But you and dear mamma."

Oh! the bachelor's heart o'erran with joy,
So long by love unlit,
And from its unseen depths poured out
Affection infinite.

Outstretching arms of strength unshorn,
He hugged — *his old tom cat!*
Which, as 't was wont when master snoozed,
Had leaped into his lap.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

HE who bequeaths to his country an inspiring song, an ennobling harmony, or any musical conception worthy to live after him, is a patriot of no mean degree. Great composers rank with the great masters of verse. Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, stand beside Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton.

We have often thought song-land the most democratic province in the royal realms of Art; there prince and peasant, teacher and disciple, meet on common ground. The monarch enjoys no pre-eminence over his meanest serf, unless heaven has endowed him with a finer organization, and a more susceptible ear; nor has the amateur so great an advantage over the unskilled as would at first seem; for it is the thankless reward of the critic, that while he is dissecting, comparing, and judging a composition, its essence has exhaled and its fragrance departed. By his side sits his unskilled neighbor, whose ignorance of contrapoint, of fantasias and sonatas excites his learned contempt, drinking in the rich waves of melody as they float past and raised to Heaven's gate on a triumphant tide of song.

It is not thus in poetry, painting, or sculpture. The scholar only can properly relish the simple grandeur and amazing imagery of Homer;—those wonderful feats of coloring—those magic effects of light and shade, of which Rembrandt knew the secret, a painter alone can fully appreciate; and who but an artist that knows the difficulty of turning marble into flesh, can estimate the genius expended by a master on the droop of an eyelid, the rounding of a muscle, or the curve of a lip.

Music has a much wider circle of appreciators than her sister arts, yet it would be folly to assert that a cantata of Mozart would yield the same enjoyment to the boorish savage as to the man of cultivated taste—the former

is too gross for any but the lowest forms of sensual pleasures; the latter finds that whatever elevates his moral and spiritual nature, at the same time refines his whole organization, and intensifies his powers of elevated enjoyment in every direction.

Without investigation one is scarcely prepared to credit the marvelous mechanical effects ascribed to musical sounds. The experiments of acoustics seem to give a color of reality to the fabled charms of Orpheus, and to bring the realms of mind and matter very near together. Strong perpendicular walls, between which certain chords had been stretched, have fallen down upon the first vibration. Mirrors and glasses are equally susceptible. A strong glass vessel, requiring much strength to fracture it, has been broken to atoms when a particular note was sung in it. Many similar instances might be cited. The physical effects of musical sounds form a very curious subject of inquiry. The day may come when music, as well as electricity, shall guide the hand of labor.

The influence of music on the lower animals is truly marvelous, and would seem to indicate larger capacities than are generally ascribed to them. Not only horses, dogs, and animals whose high organization seems to confound the bounds of reason and instinct, yield themselves to its influence; but rats, mice, spiders, and crabs rush boldly from their lurking places at the sound of some favorite instrument, and remain in a state of helpless fascination so long as the sound continues. Instances are frequent where it removes, or holds in suspense the natural enmity between man and beast. It is instructive to behold the brute and his great oppressor standing thus together, spell-bound in the divine presence of harmony. Thus, by choral bands does Nature bridge over the vast gulf which divides the extremes of creation, teaching man to look with humility on his own highest achievements, and with tenderness on creatures

bound to him by a secret and mysterious sympathy.

The influence of music over man is attested by a great cloud of witnesses, back to the days when Jubal charmed the young generations of earth with the harp and organ. So universal is its power, that the man who has no perception of harmony is an anomaly, and commands our pity, as if he were wanting in some indispensable function of his nature. Go where you will — from the barren steppes of Siberia to the mud hut of the Caffer — from the wild mountain passes of the Altai to the hunting grounds of the Algouquin, and song and beauty dwell there, twins in nature and blessing. Why does not the north-man, when silence and darkness settle down for months over him, and the wintry moon casts dismal shadows around, why does he not grow mad with melancholy? It is because when, without, the winds howl dismally across the desolate plains, and within, the lamp burns dim, he lightens the hours with music, as wild and jagged as his own ice-crags, and rouses himself by chanting the mighty deeds of sea-gods and vikings. The African mother rocks her babe to sleep with as soft a lullaby as her Christian sister, and the infant will listen to catch the strain almost as soon as he opens his eyes.

We have often lived in fancy with that undefiled pair who first dressed the trees and gathered the fruits of the young world. We have followed them into their fragrant homes, when they rested from their pleasant toils, and wondered with what talk they beguiled the hours — they who found themselves so strangely dropped into being, into a world without a history, into a life without infancy, development or experience — and we have scarcely envied them an existence, whose past was a blank, and whose present brightness had no relieving background of shadow. We have wondered how they cheered the hours when neither God nor angel guest were there, and "high converse" became a weariness.

Then was not music born on earth, and did not these blessed ones fill their leafy solitudes with anthems, and holy chants, taught them by celestial visitants? and when sad and fallen

"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way,"

did they not bear with them the songs of Paradise, sole mementoes of their lost blessedness? Is the fancy idle that strains from these same songs, floating softly down from age to age, may have come to us, and still linger in those high praises with which the church celebrates her Redeemer?

Although music has had its worshippers ever since the world began — although David and his royal son led the praises of Israel in high and soul-lifting strains, its cultivation as an art is comparatively modern. No great musical compositions, as in poetry, date back to the middle of the world's history. All the renowned masters belong to modern times. Handel, the Milton of his art, the father of the Oratorio, that grandest of all species of musical compositions, was born in 1685, Hayden, Mozart, Bach and Beethoven, illustrated the following century, and Weber, Rossini, and Mendelssohn, belong to the present age.

The venerable name of Handel recalls to us one of the most astonishing instances of rapid composition on record, far surpassing the wonders ascribed to that magician of the drama, Lope de Vega, if we consider the *quality* as well as the *quantity* of the labor. The "Messiah," that immortal work, ranking in grandeur of conception with Paradise Lost, and the *Divinia Commedia*, and still standing a colossus on the Mount of Song, was composed and written in twenty-two days!

The elevating influence of music is seen in the lives of its great masters. They have almost without exception, been men of high moral worth. It might be predicted that the isolation of the composer's life, his freedom from all vicious contact, the quiet of the study, and the daily contemplation

of high themes and inspiring harmonies would predispose him to elevated and noble sentiments. Said Handel to a clergyman who volunteered to assist his labors by selecting scripture passages suitable for his sacred compositions, "I know my Bible, and can choose for myself." Hayden, the companion of Mozart in friendship and genius, was an example of the ennobling influence of his art. Just before his death he was led into the church, to hear for the last time the performance of his own immortal production, "The Creation." A vast audience had assembled to do honor to the inspired old man. The execution of the piece was worthy of its author, and when the choir reached the remarkable passage commencing, "and there was light," the whole of that great audience, moved by one thought, burst into the most rapturous applause. The venerable old man lifted his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "It comes from there."

Beethoven, the solitaire says, "I ought to despise the world which perceives not that music is a revelation more elevated than all wisdom, and all philosophy. Music is the wine which inspires the creations of genius. I am the Bacchus who prepares for men this sublime wine, which intoxicates their spirits. * * *

I have no friends. I dwell alone by myself, but I know well that in my art God comes nearer to me than to other men. I converse with him without fear, and I always know and comprehend Him. I have no fears for my music, which can not have an evil destiny. Those who are able to comprehend it, are released from all those miseries which other men draw upon themselves."

This is the sublime egotism with which the inspired art fills its disciples. Strangely perverted must his nature be who can descend from such heights to low and sensual pleasures.

Music has one advantage over her associated arts. She can not be made to minister so directly to the grosser

passions. Painting and statuary represent form and color, and appeal directly to the eye. Poetry, too, is a marvelous species of word painting, and by her wonderful power even the imagination can reproduce scenes and images with all the distinctness of the canvas. Music may awaken a soft, voluptuous swell in the bosom — she may relax the firmness of the soul, but she can go no further. She was ordained to sit portress at the gates of virtue, and base the man who would drag her down to stand with enticing voice in the paths of death.

The cultivation of the arts has but just commenced in America. Music, which is indigenous to every soil, and grows with the wild flowers in every spot, has suffered especially from injudicious culture. Trained by gentle and careful hands, it might have unfolded into a superb American blossom. Engrafted with every vile foreign exotic, it has lost its native and simple loveliness, without any compensating beauty. Every town and village has been in turn afflicted with some traveling mountebank, who delivered his musical oracle with the authority of an Apollo. These professional jugglers, whose education even in their own art has not advanced beyond the merest rudiments, dare to stand as interpreters of the old masters, and to sit in judgment on the most sublime compositions. Tyros, who are barely able to torture groans from some disjointed fiddle, will discourse to you by the hour on chromatic chords and discords, or the proper expression of an Aria, illustrated by an instrumental accompaniment after the manner of Paganini.

Men, with no general culture and no refinement of taste, who can not distinguish a head by Titian from a common bar-room print, to whom a plow-boy's sonnet is genuine poetry — such men, without any purging of their natural grossness by study, any gift for their art beyond a "natural voice," or any "calling" save for its emoluments, have brought the noble

profession of music into disgrace among us. They degrade it to the level of a trade; they make it a mere voice-craft, of no higher dignity than handwriting or stenography. To these self-styled professors, whose ignorance is hidden by the merest film of technical knowledge, have we entrusted the training of our children. Is it strange that our national taste has had little development, and we have begun to ask ourselves, are we a musical people? Is it strange that we have gone into foolish raptures over every foreign mercenary who chose to cultivate a black moustache, and steal an imposing name—that, while we were growing corn and cotton to feed and clothe the world, we were obliged to import our music, our painting, and our statuary? If Europe has imposed upon us, if she has sent miserable daubs for real Claudes and Correggios, and shrill mouth pipes for genuine pupils of Mendelssohn and Rossini, hers is the disgrace.

Nor is our loss more than temporary. The cruel taunts which she has flung over the waters have aroused our national pride, and provoked us into effort. We have already begun to make our own music, to paint our own pictures, and carve our own heroes. American poets are no longer a myth, and foreign connoisseurs no longer curl the lip in scorn at the name of an American artist. Our trans-Atlantic neighbors, instead of sending us the patched shreds of their cast-off garments, are beginning to barter their finest raiment for American gold. If we are yet in the alphabet of our art studies, if we have been too long amused by harlequins and clowns, to enter at once into the higher action of the play, we need not blush at the fact. If we maintain our self-respect, and do not seek to forestall knowledge by arrogant assumption, we shall extort consideration from those who now revile us. Taste, impulse, and a musical ear are already ours; critical skill is the product of culture and experience.

What matters it to us whether those eminent masters, vocal and instrumental, who have visited our shores within a few years, come hither to build new seats for the "Sacred Nine," or in the hope of finding a new Peru. The wealth they gather and carry with them is not half so precious as that they leave behind. Besides, the general impulse they give to national taste, they are training a new school of native artists, who shall, in their turn, reap the fields of Europe, and infuse into the music of the old world the life and freshness of the new.

It is a noteworthy fact that no woman has yet achieved a work of memorable excellence in the fine arts. No woman has ever written a great epic, or carved a "de Medici," or painted a "Judgment," or composed a "Messiah," or designed a "Parthenon." We leave it to the champions of our sex to tell us why, in studies founded in beauty, and for which she might be expected to manifest a peculiar aptitude, she has always been eclipsed by her more sturdy competitors. But if her seat is lower than that of man, it is broader and nearer the people. If Beethoven mingles the divine wine which intoxicates, it is a woman's hand that presents it to the lip. It is she, the divinity of the household, who dispenses chiefly the songs of the fireside and social circle. Her musical education is therefore a matter of grave importance.

We have often been amused by the scale instituted by many generally enlightened persons as to the relative importance of school instruction. They divide all studies into two classes: the useful and ornamental, a classification innocent enough if we recollect that certain branches, by ranking as ornamental do not cease to be useful. But these worthy people ignore all such qualifications. With them, mathematics and the sciences are, to use a gross figure, the nourishing roasts that form the substantial part of the meal, while music and painting are the syl-labus and light confections which may

bring up the rear, or be omitted at pleasure.

Nothing can be more absurd than such a distinction. Why should logic and metaphysics arrogate to themselves exclusive claims of usefulness, while the arts of melody and design are placed in ignominious contrast? In what consists this superior utility? Is the technical knowledge which a school girl acquires of what are called the "higher English branches," of such vital importance to her well-being? How many times in her whole life does she find leisure or occasion to pursue her learned researches respecting logical modes, parallelopipedons, and isothermic lines? When does she scan a line in Virgil, or dissect a syllogism? What, in short, of all that fair fabric of learning which the school girl so industriously reared, remains fresh and undecayed to the matron? Were those youthful years then wasted, and was the money lavished by fond parents in that education a lost investment? Assuredly not: order and method, the power of discriminating and reasoning, of holding the mind to a given point, or dismissing it at pleasure, breadth and largeness of view, and the general waking up of all the faculties—these are among the rich fruits of study which remain when its flowers and spring-freshness have passed away.

The great aim of education being, then, to develop and discipline the mental powers, we claim for music the same rank and consideration in a course of substantial study, that geometry or philosophy receive. What better trains the pupil to habits of order, attention, and, above all things, perseverance? What more effectually subdues the natural haste, caprice, and impatience of the young, than the daily drudgery of instrumental practice? Are there no intricacies in music as well as in physics? no problems to be solved, no hills of difficulty to be scaled, no lions to be vanquished? Whenever we listen to a really meritorious musical performance, we feel

an involuntary respect arising toward the performer. Here, we say, is something genuine in this farcical world, something attainable by no "short method," compassed by no cunning strategy?

But music has merits beyond those of a mere educator. It may and should be made the most practical of all studies. No mother finds time to take down her Euclid from its dusty shelf, however genuine her relish for it. With little heads full of problems, and little hands full of mischief all about her, she will do well if she can contrive small pauses in which to refresh herself with English reading. The solid fabric of her education having been once reared, she need not replace its scaffolding unless it be to guide thereon the trembling feet of her offspring. It is only in the company of her children that she can hope to tread again the little worn footpath of her childhood, or to repeat the lessons of her youth.

It is precisely when most of the "solid branches" of her education are laid aside to rust, that music becomes the mother's prime ally. From being a mere parlor ornament, though in that sense we claim for it respectful consideration, it becomes her most trusted assistant. What so potent lubricator as this, when the household machinery is out of joint, and the wheels drive heavily? What like this hushes the jars, and stifles the incipient rebellions which will arise in every family commonwealth? What so brightens the faces of the little ones, when even frolic has become a weariness, and mischief irksome, as the "Come let us sing" of the sweet-toned mother? And if she can accompany her voice with the piano, harp, organ, or other instrument, what a treasury of precious influences has she stored within her?

Those months and years of study which she and her parents perhaps considered in no higher light than as an offering to the Moloch of society, seem now of inestimable worth. She

lays aside all the affectation of her education, leaves operatic airs and Italian novelties to her younger sisters, and returns to those sweet native melodies which alone the fresh ears of children will tolerate.

How few mothers understand the full value of music in domestic training! Who tries it as a peace-maker? Who pours soft and subduing strains into young hearts bursting with anger, or chafing with the sense of imaginary wrongs? Who employs it on the Sabbath to chasten romping feet, hush boisterous voices, and fill vacant hours? How many still believe that the sound of a piano desecrates holy time, and thus deprive themselves of one of the most powerful agents for bringing turbulent young spirits into harmony with the stillness and sanctity of the day?

We marvel when we see a household possessed of some musical instrument, and the skill to use it, giving it so small a place in their calculations. Does not the tired mother, who sighs because she has so little time "to keep up her practice," know that it is labor saving as well as labor lightening? that the half hour she gives to it with her merry group around her will do more to bring back her old buoyancy and tone of mind and body, than all the bitters and elixirs with which she is accustomed daily to prop up her jaded system.

One reason why the piano is so little used is because it is generally shut up in the parlor — that penetralia of the house, within whose awful precincts pattering feet may never intrude. Close those dull damp rooms if you will, write *procul, procul*, on the doors, but first bring out the music "into the habitable parts of the earth," where birds, flowers, and children dwell.

We should not predict that a people of an organization so heavy, and a temperament so phlegmatic as the Germans, would manifest any peculiar taste for music. And yet they have furnished more great composers, advanced it more as a science, and cultivated it more generally among the

people than any other nation. The secret of this lies in the nursery. Hear how the German mother proceeds:

"Let us follow the life of a German from beginning to end. If he happens to be born in a small country town, he has no sooner issued from his mother's lap than the town musician announces the joyous event by playing some lively air from the loop-hole of the spire, which is generally his domicile. The child is sung to sleep by the most melodious lullaby, and in awakening, the tinkling of little silver bells which his nurse shakes before him, makes him already susceptible to sound. The child grows up, and his first toys are cows, sheep, etc., etc., which rest on little boxes, from which by turning little cranks harmonious sounds are produced. His next toy is a tiny trumpet, or a violin: next comes the harmonica or accordion, and by this time he will surely have acquired some of the simple melodies which he requests his nurse to sing to him. He is then sent to school, learns to read, write, and *sing*; and, by the time that he is thirteen or fourteen years of age, his parents have perhaps made up their minds to make a little musician of him."

What wonder that children born and bred in such an atmosphere of sweet sounds should grow up into the most musical people in the world? If the American mother will bestow half this pains in training the ears and voices of her little ones we shall cease to talk about deficiency of native organization and taste.

We should like to remind our readers again of what they must have observed, the influence of music on the manners of society. In no sweeter or more delicate way can a lady mark her sense of the proprieties of social life than by the character of the music she plays, and the songs she sings. Who has not seen the effect of a lively air in breaking up the stiffness of the drawing room, and introducing an easy flow of conversation? And when mirth begins to grow rude and boisterous,

how soon will some chastening melody tone it down into cheerful hilarity.

To return once more to the family circle, is it too much to believe that many a youth, whom neither a mother's prayers nor a sister's tears will move, might have been saved from dissipation and ruin by the power of music? It was no peculiar depravity of taste which ruined that boy, once the pride and hope of his house—it was the ennui of home. Let that sister as she sits lonely by the evening lamp remember the former days, when her brother sat by her side. Active and restless, soon wearied with quiet books and talk, his impatient nature demanded something to break the monotony of the long evenings. Then that sister should have subdued him with music; then she should have left the pleasant book which had no allurements for him; she should have listened to the plea for his favorite airs, however little they harmonized with her own feelings, and who knows but she might have charmed him to home and virtue forever.

PECULIARITIES DUE TO HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION.

THE marked differences existing between the different races of mankind are so obvious as to be made apparent to the most casual observer. These are not confined to wide stretches of latitude, where, by reason of diversity of climate, temperature, and other surrounding circumstances, they may reasonably be expected; but are found in the same latitudes, and, apparently, under precisely similar circumstances. That the native African, Asiatic, European, and American should present these characteristics in so eminent a degree as never to be mistaken is not surprising; but that not only the inhabitants of each country in Europe, living apparently under like conditions, but those of each small district, should bear about them an identity by means of which their localities may be as-

signed with tolerable certainty, is both surprising and curious.

We recognize at a glance the German, the Scotchman, the Frenchman, and the Englishman; nor do we with less certainty define the birth-place of the native of New England, the Middle States, the South, or the West, among the native-born citizens of the United States. Nay more, we are usually enabled to narrow this down, in country districts, especially, to a very small circuit.

That most of these peculiarities are due to hereditary transmission does not admit of doubt, and yet, so familiar do every-day associations become, that few seem to recognize the blood of the parent coursing through the veins of the child.

One of the most remarkable exemplifications of the effects of this transmission is to be found in the Jewish race. It matters not whether he be born in Hungary, Germany, France, or America, the Jew still bears the characteristic physiognomy of his people.

Nor are the peculiarities of his mind less strongly marked. He is seldom engaged in agriculture, and rarely in mechanical pursuits—has no preference for country life, but delights to dwell in populous towns, where he has either "old clothes to sell," or is busied in exchanging money, or buying and selling securities. He forms but few attachments to the country in which he sojourns, and appears to be always ready to gather his valuables into a small compass, and, with his pilgrim's staff, to start anew upon his journeyings. When it is remembered how large a number of this race are scattered over the civilized world, and how diverse are their circumstances, it becomes obvious that nothing short of the strongest hereditary influence could thus stamp upon them the remarkable individuality that distinguishes them from all other nations.

This hereditary transmission, which tends to give permanence to races, and exercises an immense influence over civilization and the movements of

human affairs, is found to enter into the minutest peculiarities in individual instances. The physical resemblance of the child to the parent is the very first thing that attracts the attention of the by-stander. "How like she is to her mother!" exclaims the friend who for the first time sees a miniature copy, perchance, of a resplendent beauty, developed in the features of a little child.

These transmitted resemblances do not stop at the outlines of features and form, but are discernible in the minutest peculiarities. Plutarch's celebrated case of a family, each member of which bore the semblance of a spear-head upon some part of the body, is not a singular one. There are few who do not recollect, in the list of their acquaintanceship, some case in which defects in the parent have been left as a legacy to the offspring. Every one has heard of the Bourbon nose; and no visitor can fail to mark in the present Queen of England the short, and not particularly graceful, upper lip, which for generations has been the distinguishing physical peculiarity of her family.

A gentleman who once filled the position of a member of the United States Senate informed the writer that he had been enabled to trace back through his progenitors, for nearly two centuries, a peculiar deformity of the toe upon one foot, which was just as manifest in his own person as it had been in that of his earliest ancestor of whom he had any knowledge. The writer is acquainted with a family, living in a neighboring state, in which the grandfather, father and son, are all marked with the same precise deformity of club feet — differing somewhat from the defect as it appears in others, but corresponding in their own case exactly the one to the other.

Sir Walter Scott's novel of the "Red Gauntlet," or bloody hand, is founded upon the transmission of an hereditary peculiarity. In this work he mentions the fact that a family of distinction was known, some of whose members possessed a peculiar conformation of

the muscles of the eyebrow and forehead, which, under the influence of anger, assumed the semblance of a horse-shoe, said to have been implanted upon the visage of an ancestor by a blow from the iron-clad hoof of a steed bestrode by his own father, while lying prostrate on the field of battle, and which terminated his life. The writer is acquainted with a family who have always held a distinguished place in this country, which is said to have derived its ancestry from this very Herries of Birckensworth, in which this peculiarity is still to be seen. He first witnessed this phenomenon in the face of a lady of great intellectuality and personal beauty, which, under the influence of a high degree of anger, suddenly — and apparently without any control on her part — assumed this peculiar expression as plainly as it is said to have done on the forehead of the offspring of Sir Albreck in the tale of "Red Gauntlet." Whether this be a fiction of Sir Walter's, or founded, as is most probable, upon some old family tradition, it is certain that a prototype exists in real life, under circumstances of birth which might easily account for the transmission of the peculiarity. Nor is it impossible for a defect of this kind to be thus transmitted. Blumenbach narrates the case of a man, the little finger of whose right hand was crushed and twisted by an accident, in whom the offspring had right hands with the little finger similarly distorted. This transmission of accidents is rather the exception than the rule; yet cases like Blumenbach's, of which there are several well authenticated on record, show the possibility, remote though it may be, of its occurrence. In a note to "Red Gauntlet," Scott narrates the case of a lady of quality, whose father was long under sentence of death, upon the back of whose neck was impressed the mark of an executioner's axe; and another, a number of whose immediate ancestors had been killed in battle, who bore upon her person what appeared to be gouts of blood.

The hereditary transmission of certain diseases — as consumption, scrofula, and gout — is well known, nor is the influence of parentage upon longevity of less general acceptance. Indeed, this influence is so well recognized, that it is the invariable practice of Life Insurance offices to ascertain the comparative longevity of the ancestors of the person upon whose life insurance is sought, and to predicate their estimate of probable life, in part, upon the information thus elicited.

But the most peculiar characteristic of hereditary influence is its capacity to transmit moral qualities, or traits peculiar to the mind. In this mode evil propensities are frequently made to pass from parent to child, through a long lineage, literally verifying the language of Holy Writ, which declares that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. The transmissibility of the vices of intemperance and gaming are proverbial, nor is development of those departures from rectitude by which society is outraged less obvious. Every institution in which the children of parents depraved in character are admitted, has its record of cases in which the child, although freed from the corrupting influence, has ultimately developed the bad traits which distinguished the father, and finally become his companion in infamy. Our police records bear a melancholy testimony to the transmissibility of a disposition to crimes of a particular class, and too frequently record the sentence of father and son, or mother and daughter, for the same offense.

It may be asked why all children are not invested with the vices or virtues of their parents. The reply, which is significant, is that it does not usually happen that both parents are depraved alike, and that the hereditary influence of the one is neutralized by that of the other.

The law of variation which here interposes, and implants a portion of the characteristics of both father and

mother upon their children, is a most salutary one; and if, as is usually the case, the characteristics of the parent be opposite, it gives character to the individual, and energy to the race. It is doubtless to this intermixture of races, in which the blood of the ancient Celts has become blended with that of their Saxon and Norman conquerors, that the indomitable energy of the English people and their descendants in the United States is mainly to be attributed.

GOODRICH'S BRAIN-WORKS AND ITS EFFECTS.

I shall not weary you with a detail of my proceedings at this busy and absorbed period of my life. I had now obtained a humble position in literature, and was successful in such unambitious works as I attempted. I gave myself up almost wholly for about four years — that is, from 1828 to 1832 — to authorship, generally writing fourteen hours a day. A part of the time I was entirely unable to read, and could write but little, on account of the weakness of my eyes. In my larger publications, I employed persons to block out work for me; this was read to me, and then I put it into style, generally writing by dictation, my wife being my amanuensis. Thus embarrassed, I still, by dint of incessant toil, produced five or six volumes a year, mostly small, but some of larger compass. In the midst of these labors, that is, in the spring of 1832, I was suddenly attacked with symptoms, which seemed to indicate a disease of the heart, rapidly advancing to a fatal termination. In the course of a fortnight I was so reduced as not to be able to mount a pair of stairs without help, and a short walk produced palpitation of the heart, which in several instances almost deprived me of consciousness. There seemed no hope but of turning my back upon my business, and seeking a total change of scene and climate.

In May I embarked for England, and after a few weeks reached Paris. I here applied to Baron Larroque, who, assisted by L'Herminies, both eminent specialists in diseases of the heart, subjected me to various experiments, but without the slightest advantage. At this period I was obliged to be carried up stairs, and never ventured to walk or ride alone, being constantly subject to nervous spasms, which often brought me to the verge of suffocation.

Despairing of relief here, I returned to London, and was carefully examined by Sir B. C. Brodie. He declared that I had no organic disease, that my difficulty was nervous irritability; and that, whereas the French physicians had interdicted wine, and required me to live on a light vegetable diet, I must feed well upon good roast beef, and take two generous glasses of port with dinner! Thus encouraged, I passed on to Edinburgh, where I consulted Abercrombie, then at the height of his fame. He confirmed the views of Dr. Brodie, in the main, and regarding the irregularities of my vital organs as merely functional, still told me that, without shortening my life, they would probably never be wholly removed. He told me of an instance in which a patient of his, who, having been called upon to testify before the committee of the House of Commons, in the trial of Warren Hastings, from mere embarrassment, had been seized with palpitation of the heart, which, however, continued till his death, many years after. Even this somber view of my case was then a relief. Four and twenty have passed since that period, and thus far my experience has verified Dr. Abercrombie's prediction. These nervous attacks pursue me to this day, yet I have become familiar with them only as troublesome visitors; I receive them patiently, and bow them out as gently as I can.

After an absence of six months I returned to Boston, and by the advice of my physician took up my residence in the country. I built a house at

Jamaica Plain, four miles from the city, and here I continued for more than twenty years. My health was partially restored, and I resumed my literary labors, which I continued, steadily, from 1833 to 1850, with a few episodes of lecturing and legislating, three voyages to Europe, and an extensive tour to the south. It would be tedious and unprofitable to you, were I even to enumerate my various works, produced from the beginning to the present time. I may sum up the whole in a single sentence. I am the author and editor of about one hundred and seventy volumes, and of these seven millions have been sold! — *Recollections of a Life-time.*

WELCOME TO SPRING.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

WELCOME to Spring with her lap-full of flowers,

Heaven has sent her to gladden the earth;
Beautiful sunshine and soft genial showers,
Bless the sweet life that she brings into birth.

Welcome to Spring! Farewell to old Winter!

Let him go back to his northern home;
Thanks for the health and the vigor he brought us,
But brief be our parting, for Spring has come.

Welcome to Spring! sing the birds in the green wood:

Welcome! oh, welcome! the bees in the flowers:

Welcome! the lambkins that sport on the hill-side:

Welcome! the children that dance in the bowers.

Welcome! are shouting the lads in the corn-fields,

Happy in guiding the furrowing plow:

Welcome! comes up from the hearts of the lasses,

Whose cheeks with the kisses of spring are a-glow.

Welcome! speak softly the sick and the aged,

Who drink the sweet breath of the spring floating in;

Bring flowers and give them, mayhap they'll not tarry

To welcome the coming of spring-time again!

THE MANNERS OF THE MOTHER
MOLD THE CHILD.

THERE is no disputing this fact; it shines in the face of every little child. The coarse, brawling, scolding woman, will have vicious, brawling, fighting children. She who cries on every occasion, "I'll box your ears — I'll slap your jaws — I'll break your neck," is known as thoroughly through her children as if her unwomanly manners were openly displayed in the public streets!

These remarks were suggested by the conversation, in an omnibus—that noble institution for the student of men and manners—between a friend and a schoolmaster. Our teacher was caustic, mirthful and sharp. His wit flashed like the polished edge of a diamond, and kept the "buss" in a "roar." The entire community of insiders—and whoever is intimate with these conveyances can form a pretty good idea of our numbers—inclusive of the "one more" so well known to the fraternity, "turning their heads, eyes and ears one way, and finally our teacher said:

"I can always tell the mother by the boy. The urchin who draws back with doubled fists, and lunges at his playmate if he looks at him askance, has a very questionable mother. She may feed him and clothe him, cram him with sweetmeats and coax him with promises, but if she gets mad, she fights. She will pull him by the jacket; she will give him a knock in the back; she will drag him by the hair; she will call him all sorts of wicked names, while passion plays over her red face in lambent flames that curl and writhe out at the corners of her eyes.

"And we never see the courteous little fellow, with smooth locks and gentle manners, in whom delicacy does not detract from courage or manliness but we say 'that boy's mother is a true lady.' Her words and her ways are soft, loving and quiet. If she re-

proves, her language is, 'my son;' not 'you little wretch,' 'you plague of my life,' 'you torment,' 'you scamp!' She hovers before him as a pillar of light before the wandering Israelites, and her beams are reflected in his face.

"To him the word mother is synonymous with every thing pure, sweet and beautiful. Is he an artist? In after life, the face that with holy radiance shines on his canvas, will be the mother's face. Whoever flits across his path with sunny smiles, and soft, low voice, will bring mother's image freshly to his heart. 'She is like my mother,' will be the highest meed of his praise. Not even when the hair turns silver and the eye grows dim, will the majesty of that life and presence desert him.

"But the ruffian mother—alas! that there are such!—will form the ruffian character of the man. He in his turn will become a merciless tyrant, with a tongue sharper than a two-edged sword; and remembering the brawling and the cuffing, seek some meek, gentle victim for the sacrifice, and make her his wife, with the condition that he shall be master. And master he is, for a few sad years, when he wears a widower's weed, till he finds a victim 'number two.'"

We wonder not there are so many awkward, ungainly men in society—they have all been trained by women who knew not, nor cared for the holy nature of their trust. They have been made bitter to the heart's core, and that bitterness will find vent and lodgment somewhere. Strike the infant in anger, and he will, if he can not reach you, vent his passion by beating the floor, the chair, or any inanimate thing within reach. Strike him repeatedly, and by the time he wears shoes he will have become a little bully, with hands that double for fight as naturally as if especial pains had been taken to teach him the art of boxing.

Mothers, remember that your manners mold your child.—*N. Y. Evang.*

BADLY-CONSTRUCTED WELLS.

THE subject of the following article is so important and so little thought of that we can not refrain from copying it entire from *The Scalpel*:

"The drouths of the past few years have demonstrated to all western people, that they are drinking surface-water, filled with decaying vegetable matter. In the region from which I write, wells were a total failure, drying up wholly in most cases, and in all containing but a mere sediment of water and dirt.

"From a clay-soil, filled with decomposing carbonaceous substances, nothing in the shape of pure water could be expected; the water which falls in rains, as it enters the earth, is filtered through the clay or sand, or both, and deposited in the bottom of the well. The method of stoning up wells in this country is with loose stone or brick, piled upon each other without cement of any kind, and water thus enters at the top of the well, or nearly so. A part of it may filter through the earth a few feet, but even in that case it must carry with it much rotten, decaying filth. Some regions of the West are underlaid with sandstone from ten to fifteen feet under the surface. Artesian wells are cut into these rocks with drills, to great depths in some cases. The water thus obtained is found to be impregnated with lime in most cases, and is unfit for washing. The water of these rock-wells is far purer than wells sunken in the ground only, and loosely stoned up; and in some places the water appears in springs, from under the rocks, the water having filtered through the rocks for some feet, rendering it pure and soft.

"Much observation has satisfied me that these wells, containing only water from the surface, cause fevers. The last few years, fevers have appeared in regions where never before seen; the dry weather having acted on the soil more potently, and rendered it capable of giving off more of its chem-

ical elements to the rain. In many places where nothing like a pond or marsh exists, but in open, cultivated uplands, fever and ague frequently appears. In most clay-soils, a thin slate rock is found under the surface; and in all cases the wall of the well should be laid in water-lime down to this rock, which would oblige the water to filter slowly through the solid earth before reaching the cavity in the rock. This would prevent all water entering directly from the surface after rains.

"Where walls are dug in sand or silex bed, the same process should be adopted in stoning, to prevent the water reaching the well below, until it had passed through a deep bed of gravel to clean and purify it. When the fall rains appear, these wells fill up suddenly, and the water remains in till the dry weather returns again. The water should be drawn or pumped out both spring and fall, and the well thoroughly cleansed, to prevent the accumulation of filth in the bottom. Mud, frogs, rotten vegetable matter, angle-worms, dead mice and toads, snakes, and snipes, are often found in the well-bottom, making a rich and delightful broth for human palates and stomachs. The amount of filth thus drank and taken into the blood and fluids, is absolutely enormous.

"A slight variation in the seasons, with this loose water from the surface, instead of fevers, whole districts of country are swept over by a summer dysentery. Amazed at the providence of God, they rush to their prayers, and clothe in black, and follow their loved ones to their long home. Whole families are sometimes swept off.

"The effect of these dry and wet seasons, and the consequent changes in water and earth, act also upon cattle and hogs. In all flat countries, the dry part of summer reduces the pools and small creeks to mere puddles, and the water in almost all cases, is in a state nearly approaching putrefaction, and yet the cattle are left to drink it for the entire season. A month's use of such water would make any well

man sick; and that cattle and hogs are also affected, is apparent to any one. The beef and pork made from cattle and hogs, that drink such water, is by no means wholesome. It will in many cases produce fevers, diarrheas, erysipelas, and boils and eruptions of the skin of a most obstinate nature. I have frequently had to forbid pork, and beef to children where the fingers, hands, arms, and feet, and legs, are covered with white blisters filled with matter. Some systems will clear the blood by putting forth boils; and others again retain the poison, which acts slowly on the blood, destroying its vitality, and sinking the health of the patient, till consumption finally closes up the scene. Whole districts where hogs are kept, show this sickly condition among them; they often have regular ague, and die of chills, as a man would die from the same cause.

"May I call the attention of your readers to another momentous fact? Cattle in the western states are known to be affected by a disease called *trembles*; it is nothing more than the *ague*, and is fatal to the constitution of the animal. Cattle not known to be affected with it, are chased by horse-men, till the disease shows itself in fits of trembling; that is, the creature is worried till the cold stage, or chill comes on. The ox or cow may appear perfectly well, and yet the miasm be lurking in his system, tainting his blood and poisoning his flesh. Milk from such cows, or even butter, can not be either safe or wholesome. That much sickness comes from such food, is sure. Persons living in miasmatic districts, will retain the poison, or miasm, for a long time in the blood, and finally a change of air, or over-work, will bring out the disease. That the same occurs with cattle, is apparent enough. Beef from such cattle is sure to enter a state of decomposition, and make sick the persons who use it. Just mark one fact; during sickly seasons, when fatal fevers prevail, cities are greatly plagued to keep pork and

beef from spoiling, and are led to think of bad salt and bad packing. The truth is, that the beef in most cases, is prepared to spoil when killed, and does spoil in spite of all efforts. Fish even seem to partake of this putrefactive state. During the year 1800 and onward, when yellow fever visited New York and New-England, beef, pork, and fish spoiled in great quantities. During those years, Norfolk and Portsmouth, in Virginia, were desolated by fever. Every thing in the way of food seemed disposed to putrefy. Some fish spoiled in New-Hartford, and were thrown out in the street, and the whole region was stricken with fatal fever. Potatoes rotted in wagons, while on the way to market. When such conditions prevail in animal and vegetable life, we may be sure that attention to water, and diet, and air, is indispensable. Some German soldiers, encamped on a dry, white, silex plain, thought they were secure. A fatal fever swept them off by thousands. A few feet below the surface, water was found, which appeared pure, but the chemical action of heat and moisture in pure sand was sufficient to produce fatal fevers. Napoleon's soldiers on the rapid Guadelquiver, in Spain, were using water from vast pools in the bed of the river. They died rapidly, yet the water was clear and apparently pure, but charged with death from rotten vegetable matter. If this be so on the course of rapid rivers, it must be worse on rivers in low countries.

"In the west, on flat soils, mill-dams are raised and set often back ten or twenty miles. This invariably produces suits in courts for removal of the dams, under the charge that they produce sickness. Senator Wade states that he has tried, while Judge, many of these suits, and the facts are uniform, showing that so much matter taken up by the water, poisons it, and the water seems to give off a vapor lighter than air, which often rises to a height above the river. The sickness is often confined to the higher parts of

the town, while on the rivers less sickness prevails. If heat and light act on water charged with decomposing matter so as to impregnate the air with the poison, it is very clear that the use of water in that condition would induce sickness in man or beast.

"Let us in closing draw a few conclusions from these facts. This miasm from air and water may remain in the human blood for years and not act; persons coming from sickly, fever regions, often remain well, till some over-work, change in air, or accouchement suddenly reveals the presence of the enemy in the system. If this be true, cattle are liable to the same law, and nothing will quicker induce its action than hunger, fatigue, and thirst. Cattle are consequently injured and rendered sickly by this very process, in carrying them over a large space in crowded cars. Though well when started for market, they are, by long rides, a crowded air, hunger and thirst, and fatigue, rendered sickly and unfit for eating. Stations should be organized along every mail route, where, at easy distances, the cattle and hogs can be rested, fed, and watered. The truth of these suggestions can be verified by observing the condition of cattle and hogs, when landed from cars before entering market. The supply of proper arrangements must yet become a subject of legislative interference."

OUR OLD GRANDMOTHER.

THERE is an old kitchen somewhere in the past, and an old-fashioned fireplace therein, with a smooth old jamb stone; smooth with many knives that have been sharpened there — smooth with many little fingers that have clung there. There are andirons, with rings in the tops, wherein many temples of flame have been builded, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad, worn hearth; broad enough for three generations to cluster on: worn by feet that have been torn

and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful" and walked upon floors of tessellated gold.

There are tongs in the corner, wherewith we grasp a coal, and "blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle. There is a shovel, wherewith were drawn the glowing embers, in which we saw our first fancies, and dreamed our first dreams; with which we stirred the logs until the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge was in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, or so many marbles, or so many somethings that we coveted; and so it was we wished our first wishes.

There is a chair — a low, rush-bottomed chair: there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chestfuls of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare patterns, and samples in frames.

And everywhere and always the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm, elastic steps mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children — the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She, the very providence of the old homestead; she who loved us all, and wished there were more of us to love, and took all the children in the hollow for grandchildren, besides. A great expansive heart was hers, beneath that woollen gown, or that more stately bombozine, or that sole heir-loom of siken texture.

We can see her to-day, those mild, blue eyes, with more beauty in them than time could touch, or death do more than hide — those eyes that held both smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproof that seemed not passion but regret. A white tress has escaped from beneath her snowy cap; she has just restored a wandering lamb to its mother; she lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over a window, as she came in, and plucked a four leaved clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel — a tress is running through her fingers from the

distaff's head, when a small voice cries, "Grandma!" from the old red cradle, and "Grandma!" Tommy shouts from the top of the stairs. Gently she lets go the thread, for her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity; and she touches the little red bark a moment till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing attempt to harness the cat.

The tick of the clock runs low, and she opens the mysterious door, and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on tip-toe, and we beg in a breath, to be lifted up one by one and look in the hundredth time upon the tin cases of the weights, and the poor lonely pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little dim windows, and our petitions were all granted, and we are lifted up, and we all touch with the finger the wonderful weights, and the music of the wheel is resumed.

Was Mary to be married, or Jane to be wrapped in a shroud? So meekly did she fold the white hands of the one upon her still bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them there; and so meekly did she wreath the white rose in the hair of the other, that one would not have wondered, had more roses budded for company. How she stood between us and apprehended harm; how the rudest of us softened beneath the gentle pressure of her faded and tremulous hand! From her capacious pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closed, only to be opened in our own, with the nuts she had gathered, with the cherries she had plucked, the little egg she had found, the "turn-over" she had baked, the trinket she had purchased for us as the product of her spinning, the blessing she had stored us — the offspring of her heart!

What treasures of story fell from those old lips of good fairies and evil; of the old times when she was a girl; but we wondered if ever — but then she couldn't be handsomer or dearer — if she was ever little. And then when we begged her to sing;

"Sing us one of the old songs you used to sing to mother, grandma."

"Children, I can't sing," she always said; and mother used to always lay her knitting softly down, and kitten stopped playing with the yarn on the floor, and the clock ticked lower in the corner, the fire died down to a glow, like an old heart that is neither chilled nor dead, and grandmother sang. To be sure it would not do for the parlor and concert-room now-a-days; but then it was the kitchen and the old-fashioned grandmother, and the old ballad, in the dear old times, and we can hardly see to write for old memory of them, though it is a hand's-breadth to the sunset.

Well, she sang. Her voice was feeble and wavering, like a fountain that is just ready to fall; but then how sweet-toned it was, and it became deeper and stronger, but it could not grow sweeter. What "joy of grief" it was to sit round the fire, all of us, excepting Jane, and we thought we saw her when the door was opened a moment by the wind; but then we were not afraid; for was it not her old smile she wore? To sit there around the fire, and weep over the woes of the babes in the woods, who laid down side by side in the great solemn shadows; and how strangely glad we felt when the robin redbreast covered them with leaves, and last of all when the angel took them out of the night into day everlasting.

We may think what we will of it now, but the song and story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; have given us the germs of whatever poetry blesses our hearts; whatever of memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the schoolmaster, the rays which make the little day we call life, radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearthstone.

Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to mother — her mother sang it to her — but she does not sing it through, and falters ere it is done.

She rests her head upon her hands, and it is silent in the old kitchen. Something glitters down between her fingers in the firelight, and it looked like rain in the soft sunshine. The old grandmother is thinking when she first heard the song, and the voice that sang it; when a light-haired and light-hearted girl, she hung round that mother's chair, nor saw the shadows of the years to come. Oh! the days that are no more! What words unsay, what deeds undo, to set back the ancient clock of time!

So our little hands were forever clinging to her garments, and staying her as if from dying, for long ago she had done living for herself, and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants her presence to-day, and the rush-bottomed chair is tenantless.

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more to the homestead. We thought we were men and women, but we were children there; the old-fashioned grandmother was blind in the eyes, but she saw her heart as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the open door, and she felt them as they fell over her form, and she looked dimly up and said:

"Edward I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but whose is that other? It must be Jane's!"—for she had almost forgotten the folded hands. "Oh, no! not Jane's, for she—let me see—she is waiting for me, isn't she?" And the old grandmother wandered and wept.

"It is another daughter, grandmother, that Edward has brought for your blessing."

"Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand in mine, for she is my late born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song, children?" And she is idly fumbling for a toy, a welcome gift for the children that have come again.

One of us, men as we thought we were, is weeping; she hears the half-suppressed sobs, and she says, as she extends her feeble hand, "Here, my

child, rest upon your grandmother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm."

"Come, children, sit around the fire again. Shall I sing you a song, or tell you a story? Stir the fire, for it is cold; the nights are growing colder."

The clock in the corner struck nine, the bedtime of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung, the story told. It was bedtime at last. Good-night to the grandmother. The old-fashioned grandmother was no more, and we miss her forever. But we will set up a tablet in the midst of the heart, and write on it only this:

"Sacred to the memory of the old-fashioned grandmother. God bless her forever!"

PROVOKENOT YOUR CHILDREN.

DUTIES are reciprocal. If children owe duties to parents, parents owe duties to children. We say "children ought to obey their parents." It is equally true that parents *ought* to govern their children in the fear of God. This, we suspect, is very often forgotten. Parents expect that children will be willing and obedient. They forget that God expects they will govern in wisdom and goodness, with a view to secure the best interests of the child. Many a parent stands wondering at the disobedience, the anger, the obstinacy of the child. Could he read that child's thoughts, he would see equal wonder at the unreasonableness, the severity, the injustice of the parent. Heart answers to heart.

If the body is fearfully and wonderfully made, the mind and the heart are much more so. The adaptation of bone to bone, the arrangement of muscles and sinews, the contrivances to send the blood to the remotest part of the system and bring it back again to the heart, the whole arrangement of this complicated system which we call the body, is truly both wonderful

and fearful. But look at the human heart, with its hopes and its fears, its memory of the past and its thoughts for the future, its capacity for joy or suffering, its principles that grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength, its susceptibility of influence, and we have something more wonderful, more delicate, more fearful still. Yet this is the instrument put into the hands of the parent to tune, so that it may be harmonious to the praise of God, not only in time, but throughout eternity. It is a solemn charge, under which the mightiest and the best may well tremble. Eagerly should we look for the least direction in the infallible Word to aid us in this high work.

Wrath is a principle in the human heart. Twice the Apostle enjoins it upon us, as parents, not to provoke this wrath. He speaks of it in such a way as to indicate that it is a very important point in the government of children. It is so, indeed. Men may, as they do, forget it; they may, as they do, go on, and either from ignorance, or indifference, or love of ease, continue to provoke anger in those little ones of whom they are the sole protectors; but the deed is not good, and it will yield bitter fruit.

Anger is usually called forth by that which is wrong, either in manner or in fact. Take a very common case. A child is guilty of a fault. The parent corrects in anger. There is a real fault. The child deserves correction. But the spirit in which it is given makes a world-wide difference in the effect of that correction. Instead of looking at the matter calmly, and correcting the child because it is right, the parent becomes angry, and under the influence of this feeling proceeds to correction. What is the effect? The child might have been convinced of his fault. He might have been humbled and ashamed. But now, anger in the parent calls forth anger in the child. The attention is turned away from the fault, to the spirit that is exhibited in correcting it. Instead of shame, there is a feeling of justification. Instead of submission

—rebellion. Persons often wonder that they correct a child so much, and teach so much, and yet see so little apparent effect. The reason is they teach and correct in anger.

Injustice calls forth anger. Children are as quick in perceiving injustice, and feel it as keenly, as adults. Children are not the ignorant beings many suppose. In many things they have not to wait the slow progress of experience in order to learn. There are first principles — principles that seem to be intuitive in man; and these exist in the child as well as in the man. The sense of right and wrong is such a principle. You can scarce find a child so young but he feels that certain things are right, and certain other things are wrong; and that not only in relation to himself, but to others. If punished for a fault, he submits. But, if punished without a fault, or with undue severity, he resents it as a wrong.

Partiality is another cause of anger. But we need not proceed with the enumeration. It is sufficient to call the attention to the fact, that generally it is something wrong, either in the spirit or in the judgment of the parent, that produces this anger. But what an exhibition is this to place before a young immortal! Right, wrong. There is an essential, a radical difference between the two, and between the effects that flow from them. Right is in accordance with the will of God, and its effects must always be happy. This is true in the smallest matters. Wrong is contrary to the will of God, and its effects are always disastrous. But how exceedingly disastrous are the effects, when wrong is brought to bear as an influence upon the young! Not only are they peculiarly susceptible of influence, but they learn far more from example than from precept. They may not heed words, but they never fail to catch the spirit which those around them breathe. The Apostle, in the warning, directs the attention of parents especially to their own spirit. They who handle rare and delicate

vases must be men of skill and of great care. How much wisdom, and skill, and gentleness, and firmness are required in those who are to make the impress upon a human soul, and train it up for immortality!

We mention but one more reason why we should not provoke children to anger, viz., lest they should be discouraged. It is not only possible, but easy, to crush a child so that he will not put forth any effort. This is true in regard to intellectual efforts. A child may become so disheartened that he will not try to learn. He can also become so discouraged that he will not try to be good. Only find fault constantly, only fail to notice any thing praiseworthy, and fix the attention on what deserves blame, and he will cease to try to be better. This is a sad case. Hope in the human mind is the great incentive to exertion. Take away hope, and man sits down inactive, idle—a prey to gloomy thoughts and corroding fears. Take away from a child the hope of encouragement from parents, and he becomes listless and indifferent, if not positively vicious. We ourselves escape the pollutions of the world only through the great and precious promises of the gospel. How much more does the little child need sympathy, encouragement!—*Mother's Magazine*.

WORRYING THE ANGELS.

"MAMMA, don't it worry the angels to see you fretting about so?"

It was a blue-eyed, curly-haired "little Georgie," who said this to his mother, as she entered the room where he was playing, with the same impatient step, and anxious frowning eye, which all that morning he had observed in wonder and silence.

"Why, Georgie! what ever put that thought in your head?" the mother answered, taken by surprise.

"O nothing—I guess. It just happened there as I was thinking what a beautiful morning it was, and how

everything seemed to be smiling except you, mamma, and you looked so troubled. Was it naughty to say so?"

"Not at all, my dear; I was the naughty one; but do you know why I have felt so fretful and troubled this morning?"

"Yes; I heard you say that uncle, and aunt, and Mrs. Cheever, and a young lady, were to come in the noon train, and that your wood was poor, and there was no rice at the grocery, and Hannah had gone off to the circus, besides. I suppose, as pa says sometimes, you are in a peck of trouble, ain't you, mamma?"

"Why, Georgie, I did think so; but since you have come to name it over, and specify the causes of my trouble, they seem rather small after all."

"Well, that is just what I thought, only that I didn't know that I ought to say so. But it seems to me that such things must look so trifling to them—the angels, I mean, mamma, if they can see our actions—and as if it must worry them to see us so unhappy about trifles."

"They are trifles, darling—the least of trifles. And a big, grown woman, like me, ought to be ashamed to make myself miserable the whole afternoon for them, turning the brightness of this glorious spring morning into clouds and gloom. Now, Georgie, have I scolded myself enough?"

"Well, I should think you had, mamma. Your forehead don't scowl as it did. But I wish I could help you. I can stone the raisins, and peel the pie-plant, and wash the potatoes, and flour the tins for you to bake, and what else can I do?—something, I guess?"

And Georgie rolled up his apron-sleeves, and went to work with a will.

Georgie's mother, too! The change that had come upon her countenance was but the reflection of her brightened spirit within, and though she might not regard the idea of "angels worrying" in precisely the same light as her sensitive little boy, it lifted her

thoughts from the turbid current of household vexation into nobler channels. And when, at one o'clock, she seated her guests at her neatly-spread table, and helped them to nice juicy ham of her own curing, the well-cooked vegetables, snowy bread, and delicate rhubarb pie, no one would have imagined she had been half the morning ready to shed tears for the want of beef-steak and a little rice or tapioca. Would that all the Marthas of our land might learn the secret of true household nobleness.

GLOVED TO DEATH.

THERE are many almost inappreciable sappers of our life, any one of which might be in operation for a long time without causing any alarming condition of the system; but when a multitude of these are at work, critical symptoms appear with alarming rapidity. The purest water will become putrid, if allowed to stagnate. The purest air from the ocean or the poles, if kept still, becomes corrupt in the cleanliest habitation in the land, and the healthiest blood in the system begins in a moment to die, if for a moment it is arrested in its progress through the system. In either of these cases, of fresh water, of pure air, and healthy blood, corruption is the inevitable result of stagnation. To keep them all pure and life-giving, activity of motion is a physical necessity. Whatever tends to arrest or impede the flow of the blood through the body, does in that same proportion inevitably engender disease; any other result is physically impossible, because impure blood is the foundation or an attendant of all sickness.

Very recently, a New Yorker purchased a pair of boots, but they fitted so tightly that he was compelled to take them off before night, but they caused his death within forty-eight hours.

The most unobservant know that cold feet and hands are uniform symptoms in those diseases which gradually wear our lives away. The cause of these symptoms is a want of circulation. The blood does not pass to and from the extremities with facility. Nine-tenths of our women, at least in cities and large towns, have cold feet or hands, or both; hence, not one in a hundred is healthy. It is at our feet and hands that we begin to die, and last of all the heart, because, last of all, stagnation takes place there. In the worst cases of disease, the physician is hopeful of recovery, as long as he can keep the extremities warm: when that cannot be done, hope dies within him. It needs no argument to prove that a tight glove prevents the free circulation of blood through the hands and fingers. It so happens, that the very persons who ought to do everything possible to promote the circulation of the blood, are those who most cultivate tight gloves, to wit: the wives and daughters who have nothing to do but dress; or rather, do nothing but dress; or to be critically accurate, who spend more time in connection with dressing, than on all other objects together, not including sleep. No man or woman born has any right to do a deliberate injury to the body for a single hour in the day; but to do it day after day, for a lifetime, against the lights of science and common sense, is not wise. We may wink at it, glide over it, talk about this being a free country, that it is ridiculous for a doctor to dictate whether a glove shall be worn tight or loose, but the effect won't be laughed or scorned away, for whatever is done which impedes the circulation of the blood, is done wrongfully against our bodies, and will be as certain of injurious results, as the hindering of any law, physical or physiological. Every grain of sand must be taken care of, or the universe would dash to atoms; and so with the little things of the body.

—*Hall's Journal of Health*

MONTHLY DIGEST OF NEWS.

THE Inauguration of the fifteenth President of the United States has been the event of the last month. Large crowds had assembled in Washington to witness these ceremonies, so that the Capitol on the fourth of March must have presented an animated appearance. The procession started for the Capitol about noon. It was very long, and presented a beautiful appearance. The military of the district and our community were represented. Messrs. BUCHANAN and BRECKENRIDGE rode in an open carriage, surrounded by the Keystone Club, preceded by the military, and a representation by a lady of the goddess of Liberty mounted on a high platform, drawn by six horses, and followed by a model of a ship-of-war of considerable size, made by the mechanics of the Washington navy yard. Then followed the various clubs, engine companies, etc. James Buchanan reached the Capitol about 1 p. m., and proceeded to deliver his Inaugural Address. The crowd was tremendous, and the cheering very enthusiastic. Twenty-four military companies, seven clubs and associations, and several fire companies participated in the procession. The oath was administered to Mr. Buchanan after the reading of the Inaugural. It is said that the Inauguration Ball resulted in a loss of \$3,000 to the managers. Does this prove that political dancing is at a discount?

Mrs. Pierce was so ill that she was obliged to be carried from the White House to that of Mr. Marcy. Ex-President Pierce went South immediately for the benefit of her health. It would appear that the duties of the White House rest quite as onerously upon its mistress as upon him who bears the honors of chief magistrate of the nation. The wife of our last President came home to exchange the noise of the Capitol for the stillness of the shadowy tomb. But Mr. Buchanan comes alone to the proprietorship of the White House, and may perhaps sustain his single blessedness at the head of a nation with the same complete strength and unflinching dignity with which Queen Elizabeth carried hers through her long reign.

THE Hon. Charles Sumner took his seat in the Senate for a single day, amid the warm greetings of his friends; and, though still so feeble as to be able to sit up only for a short period at a time, he was able to vote on several important questions. On his return to New York he set sail immediately for Europe. A large crowd attended him on board the steamer *Fulton*, and a salute of thirty guns was fired in his honor.

DR. ELISHA KENT KANE died in Havana on the 16th of February. His body was em-

balmed and sent to his home in Philadelphia, by way of New Orleans, being received with funeral honors in the cities through which it passed. In Baltimore the funeral procession was a most imposing affair. There was an immense turn out of citizens, and the escort was composed of several military companies, the free masons, the fire department, the German societies, many officers of the army and navy, the mayor and common council, the medical profession, and our civic bodies followed the funeral car. The coffin was enveloped in the American flag. The stores in the streets through which the procession passed were closed, and many of them draped in mourning. The bells of the city were tolled, and minute guns fired from Federal Hill. The body was taken to the immense hall of the Medical Institute, which was handsomely draped with black catafalque, and placed in the center of the hall, guarded by soldiers. Thousands of citizens visited it. The funeral took place in Philadelphia on Thursday the 12th of March. A committee of the New York common council were present as guests of the city. Philadelphia appropriated one thousand dollars for the obsequies. The body was escorted from Baltimore by the first troop of calvary of Washington Guards acting as honor. The flags on the public buildings and shipping in port were at half-mast and draped with crape, and the stores along the route were closed, while the pavements were thronged with orderly spectators. There was a large imposing military display. The procession started from the Independent Hall at noon, the body being borne by the crew of the *Advance*. The civic portion of the procession included the faculty and students of colleges, the High School, fire department, odd fellows, the St. George and St. Andrew's societies, Thistle societies, and the Scotch Legion in citizen dress, bearing the flag of the Pennsylvania regiment when in Mexico. The civic portion of the procession was thirty minutes passing a given point. The State House bells and church bells were tolled during the passage of the procession. It is long since a private citizen of the United States has died so much lamented.

CONGRESS.—The thirty-fourth Congress closed its session on the third of March. In the House the report of the Corruption Investigating committee was received, recommending the expulsion of Messrs. Welsh of Conn., Gilbert, Edwards, and Matteson of N. Y. While the report was under discussion, a defense from Mr. Gilbert was read, in which he makes his statement of the book business, protesting entire innocence in fact and intention, and made a speech, charging

that injustice had been done him, and resigning his seat, after which the resolutions in relation to him were tabled. Mr. Matteson adopted the same course, but was less fortunate, the resolutions of the committee passing, one hundred and forty-five to seventeen. The cases of Messrs. Welch and Edwards then came up; the latter resigned, and the former was acquitted.

As nearly as ascertained, the following are among the most important acts that have passed both Houses: An act appropriating \$75,000 a year, for ten years, to aid the Atlantic telegraph; all the regular appropriation bills; the bill amending the tariff; the bill providing for an overland mail from the Mississippi to San Francisco; the bill authorizing Minnesota to form a State Government; the bill increasing the pay of army officers, with an amendment, giving General Scott the pay refused to him by Secretary Davis; the fortification bill; the post route bill; amendments to the civil appropriation bill, granting \$1,000,000 for the construction of water works in Washington, and \$500,000 for a new dome to the Capitol.

CHIEF Justice Taney delivered the opinion of the United States Court, in the Dred Scott case. The points decided are, that Scott is not a citizen; that he was not manumitted by being taken by his master when a slave into the then territory of Illinois, and that the Missouri Compromise was an act unconstitutionally passed by Congress. Six of the Judges concur in the decision of the Chief Justice. Judges McLean and Curtis dissent.

THE Battery in New York will probably disappear before many years. Once it was a delightful promenade, and a healthful and beautiful resort. Now it is used by emigrants, loafers, and vagabonds. A proposition is already before the Common Council to appropriate a portion of the river front to business. Docks have been encroached upon it for years, and ultimately it will have to yield to outside pressure. In that part of the city the business is becoming enormous.

THE trial of George Knight, for the murder of his wife, which has been going on in a rural village in Maine, excited so much interest that a daily paper was started for the purpose of reporting it. The court room was crowded chiefly by ladies, who, both young and old, brought knitting, crochet, and sewing work with them, so that the hall presented, aside from the trial, quite a busy appearance.

REV. Mr. Van Meter, who has been engaged in finding homes for homeless children of New York city in the far west, was on his last trip arrested in Washington, Tazwell county, Illinois, on the charge of bringing paupers into the state, and fined one hundred dollars and costs.

KANSAS.—Since our last all has been quiet in Kansas. Gov. Geary vetoed the bill passed by the bogus legislature for taking the census and calling a convention to form a State Constitution, when it was passed over his veto by a unanimous vote. The Governor approved the act declaring resistance to the laws rebellion, and punishable with death. He has altogether vetoed only two bills, and has signed and approved all the others. The legislature adjourned just at daylight, February 21st, after a long night session, during which they passed a concurrent resolution of good will toward Governor Geary, and gave him a friendly call after adjournment.

A LADIES' reading room has been established in New York, and among other things furnished by the polite librarian is a "Suggestion Book," in which the fair visitors are expected to write their requests. The most unanimous suggestion recorded, thus far, is one which asks for a "looking glass in the ladies' room."

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 16th of February, Napoleon opened the French legislature in person, and delivered a speech which, from its pacific tone, has created general satisfaction in Europe. After reviewing the leading political questions of the day, his Majesty announced that the government had resolved upon a reduction of the national expenditure, and concluded by saying that France, having resumed her rank among the nations of the world, without wounding the rights of others, could now abandon herself in security to the grand rewards of genius and peace.

CHINA.—Dates from Hong Kong to December 30th, state that all the foreign buildings at Canton had been burnt and pillaged. Admiral Seymour had been throwing hot shot into Canton, but at the latest dates had ceased hostilities, and was strengthening his position. The bad feeling against the British was spreading to other ports. It was rumored that the emperor was desirous of peace, but the Cantonese were uncontrollable.

MAD. PFEIFFER.—Madame Ida Pfeiffer arrived at the Cape of Good Hope on the 16th November, where she was well received by the British governor. She designed embarking for Mauritius on the 18th, on a French government steamer, in which a free passage had been tendered her. From Mauritius she will proceed to Madagascar.

CATHARINE FANELLI, who has been passing herself off as a saint, and capable of working miracles, has been condemned by the Inquisition at Rome to twelve years imprisonment.

Ex-Queen Christiana, of Spain, proposes to make Rome her permanent residence, and is purchasing palaces in the city for her sons.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WE THINK.

IS it a certain thing with us that we ever think at all? We are sure we have known people who never had an independent thought in all their lives. The whole tone and color of whose opinions, if we may dignify them by such a name, were the reflection of those of some other person, real or imaginary. And should such persons reply truly when inquired of by their models with regard to their ideas on any given subject, they would make answer according to Sterne, "My opinion is—what's your opinion, uncle Toby?" Sometimes these persons select a single individual, to whom they happen to look up with much respect, for their model, and make this person's real or supposed opinions wholly responsible for their own. But more frequently it is the great bugbear of "society"—that society to which they belong, or strive to belong, that gives the tone and color to their thoughts. Gathering their opinions as they do from without, and not from within, such persons must run about a good deal in order to collect their ideas. And when any thing new comes up, they are in great distress, until the decree of that society, to which they trust for their opinions, is promulgated, and settles for them what they are to think about it.

It does not by any means follow that these non-thinkers are not persons of information. Their heads may be as full of facts as Mr. Gradgrind's, but they have never put two of these facts together for the purpose of drawing a conclusion. Indeed they might as well attempt to draw the stones at Balzac from their sandy moorings. The facts they have gathered lie in a heterogeneous and useless mass upon the floor of their craniums. There are no workers there with hands strong enough to build a temple out of them.

They may read volume after volume with the utmost perseverance and relish, and their opinions for the time are apt to float with the current of the books they read. But they are not likely to compare these opinions with one another in order to see whether they coincide or not, so that their mental equilibrium is rarely disturbed by

the conflict of various authors. And so the stream of reading flows on ceaseless and placid, finding no rocks or rapids to disturb its progress. It is only through a naturally vacant and unfurnished mind that such an interminable stream of literature can flow without interruption. The real thinker is constantly throwing a dam across this current, that he may stop and examine the kind of fish that swim in it.

He may not read half the number of volumes that are skimmed through by his complacent and pliable neighbor, and of those he does read perhaps he will retain but little more than this neighbor, but the thoughts he has met have acted as a magnet to draw out the treasure of his own mind, and it is with this treasure that he has been most busied.

It is true that the majority of those who are not accustomed to think are but little given to reading, but this is not true of all. There are some persons even who pride themselves upon possessing more than ordinary gifts of mind, who yet never think at all, or at least not to any good purpose. They may be dreamers, but dreaming is not thinking. Perhaps they are addicted to idle reverie and castle building, which they mistake for thought; but this is a sad mistake. They may be persons of diseased nerves, whose brains and fancies in consequence take a variety of spasmodic hues, as some kinds of fish are said to do in dying, and, carried away by the varied beauty of these spasmodic fancies, they suppose themselves to be persons of genius, and pine with regret that the heartless world has failed to recognize them, when, in reality, they never possessed a thought worthy of recognition in their lives. If they have a fancy for the beauties and vagaries of language, and a little mechanical constructiveness, they may jingle endlessly in rhyme, and, supposing that "words are the signs of ideas," have no thought but that their minds are well stocked with them. But Whipple says that "nothing is more common than to see words without any sign of ideas at all," and this is true of a large amount of this kind of rhyming. And

if by chance a stray idea is thrown up amid the wordy torrent, it is doubtless furnished by a retentive memory, which has been able to garner the thoughts of others, and enables them to appear well in their new dress. Now if these thoughts are well selected, the theft is not so villainous as far as the result is concerned, whatever light it may throw upon the talent of its new wearer. For a good thought never wears out, and will appear well in any dress, and its effect is more important to the world than its authorship. So we do not know but it is even better, if such writers must write, that they should plagiarize skillfully, than that they should sicken the world with maudlin sentiment in the place of thought.

But this is not the class of writers or of mortals that we want. We need good, sober, substantial thinkers, of every grade and capacity; people who draw out and refine the real ore of their own minds, such as they are, instead of pilfering the current tinsel from the popular masquerades of opinion; people who think first, seriously and earnestly about their own business, the every day duties to which they are called, and then give such power and energy as may remain to them to the contemplation of external life. It may be supposed that those who give their minds faithfully and earnestly to their own business, will have little time to think of any thing else, but this is not so; for he who thinks most earnestly, will think most compactly, and arrive at a conclusion, and the action which results from it, in a tenth part of the time that it will take the person whose mind dozes over his business to reach it. These dreaming, dozing people, who rarely trouble themselves to think, are mere machines at their business, having been wound up like a clock when they learned its routine, and swinging on like a pendulum over the same spot from day to day. If they should happen to run down, they must stop and remain at a stand-still until somebody winds them up and sets them going again. How can such a man who is so incapable of thinking of his own affairs, judge of any thing beyond himself? The abstract comes always from the concrete, and we learn to judge most wisely of things in general from the aptness of our attention

to things in particular. The man who exercises the best judgment in the conduct of his affairs, will constantly be drawing from it conclusions that are applicable everywhere, and will be able to judge most wisely of the affairs of his neighbor or of his country. But if every one would do this, and bring all the powers of mind he can summon to bear upon the just and reasonable performance of his own appropriate work, his own clearly marked duties, there would be little need that any one should go out of his immediate business for the judgment and regulation of affairs. Such a state of things would apply a magic oil to the wheels of society and of government, and no one can guess what the result would be.

The woman who attends most earnestly to the proper training of her own children and the regulation of her own household, will thus be enabled to judge most correctly, and above all most charitably, of things around her. If she performs her home duties wisely and well, she will thus be better fitted to perform her social, or external duties in the same way.

We say *fitted*, for if she does not give her attention to these last, she will not perform them, but she can do it, and do it well if she will; and though her home duties are the prior ones, the others are duties none the less; their amount and the time and manner of performing them depending upon the clear indications of Providence in the position in which he has placed us, and the amount of time and energy that is left after home duties are performed. There may be an excessive devotion to the business of home as well as to any other business, but when this consists in an overloading of the table, and an overclothing of the household, it should rather be called home follies than home duties. But perhaps this is not the direction in which feminine failings just now are liable to preponderate.

We think it is clear enough that our first duty is to think for ourselves, and to think about our own business. Our characters depend upon what we think. If a woman thinks wholly of dress and gaiety, her character will be entirely modified and molded by this current of her thoughts. But if she turns her attention toward her inner life, and

the cultivation of substantial virtues in herself and in her household, this aim and direction of her thoughts will stamp upon her the character of a good wife and mother. When a man builds a house, he regards it as a matter of importance, and goes to a distance and looks at it in every point of view, that he may see that each line and column maintains its true bearing and relation to the rest. But we are building up for ourselves a character every day that we live. And it is a temple too; — one which we believe will not crumble with the ruins of this world, but which will remain our monument forever. Is it not worth our while, too, to look at it from every point of view, and make it our chief study, that each line and column bears its proper relation to the rest? And if the stones of which this temple of character is built, are hewn by our thoughts, we should look to it what we think.

Some addled wiseacres seem to have adopted the notion that women were not intended for thinking beings, and that a certain degree of silliness is becoming to a lady. They might as well adopt the notion that women have no souls, and that their existence is to end with this world. For if women were not intended for thinking beings, it would be far better to create them without souls than with. What can she do with the responsibility of an immortal spirit who is incapable of thought?

Just in proportion as this notion, or one allied to it, grows popular, will the human race degenerate. For foolish mothers rear foolish sons, and when women adopt the notion that folly is becoming to them, each succeeding generation must necessarily grow worse than the last. If woman was not intended for thought, for earnest, close, and analyzing thought, it is very strange that Providence should have assigned her the portion that he has. There is none so important in the world; and, though it brings under her eye many minute things, yet little things are not necessarily trifles. Are not the pearls and diamonds for which the divers and searchers of the mines suffer so much, minute? And of this important kind are the minutiae of a woman's life, and the mind that looks into them as it should, needs the keenness of the eagle, not the dullness of the sloth.

Mothers, see to it that yourselves and your daughters are trained to correct habits of thought.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

A recent correspondent, "A Subscriber," writes thus:

"We truly congratulate you on your success and prospects, bidding you 'God speed' in your mission of love. May the influence thereby exerted continue to spread far and near, cheering, enlightening, elevating, and beautifying the mind of woman. We sincerely hope that the class you have described in your last number may not be found in the circle of your friends who are favored with the perusal of *THE HOME*. For ourselves, a 'showy literature' is not what we desire, neither the acquisition of that, which will procure a name only among men. We *would* nourish and cultivate those gifts which a merciful Creator has so kindly bestowed upon us, and open our hearts to the sweet influences of nature, when beauties and wonders are so profusely strewn around and above us, and be led to a proper use of all our faculties, and a just appreciation of all that is lovely and of good report.

"The great Creator has laid open the book of Nature, with its mysterious truths, its beauties, grandeur, and sublimities, together with a transcript of the infinite mind in his revealed will, for us to read and contemplate.

'The heavens declare thy glory, Lord.
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.'

May we ever be enabled to pursue the path of duty 'which alone is the path of safety.' And while we are reading and contemplating these truths, and the beauties of creation or of nature, may the soul be elevated above this terrestrial scene, and rise as on eagle's wings, in holy admonition, love, and gratitude from nature, up to nature's God.

"Truth, like a beautiful diamond, will sparkle on our brow, will become a shield and breastplate to defend us from the assaults of temptation; and, though obscured for a moment by the poisonous breath of calumny, it will at length shine out with new and resplendent beauty. It is like a guardian angel hovering over us, helping us to

shun any moral danger, and pointing out to us the way to heaven."

Mrs. S. P. G.—Certainly; get us up a club in your place. A little effort will enable you to do this. If our subscribers will each show their numbers to those who will be interested, they may easily get up clubs for us, and perhaps do a substantial service to the interests of our HOME, and those about them. We send specimen numbers to those requesting them; and we hope our friends everywhere will each take a *personal* interest in introducing THE HOME into families where it has not yet found its way, believing, as we do, that they will, when acquainted with it, need no urging to order its continuance as a constant visitor at their firesides.

We are grateful to our friends for the many good words they send us, and we hope they will not flag in their efforts. We certainly shall not in ours.

Mrs. N. K. P.—Your new club is received, and we are obliged to you for your communication, and for your efforts in forming clubs.

Mrs. M. P. A. C.—We regret that your fine article should have been so marred by the type-setters. There is a wide difference between the love of "truth," and the love of "earth." It is a trial to the patience to be made to say such absurd things as we are made to say in print sometimes.

We have received letters from several correspondents proposing to write for us, but sending no specimens. Try your hands upon some useful topic, and see what you can do. We are always glad to receive good communications, but we can not tell whether your writings are valuable or not, until we see them. We know there is much of wisdom and experience stored away in different parts of the country, which if written out would be just the matter we require. Will not our thinking friends write it out for us?

LOCAL.

GEORGE W. HASKINS.—A star has gone out from our galaxy of literary talent, and one which western New York could ill afford to lose. In the death of George W. Haskins, who expired suddenly in this city on the 7th of March, the press has sustained a deep and irreparable loss.

The Albany *Journal* says: "The profession of journalism in this state has lost one of its most accomplished members. It is with sincere sorrow that we announce the demise of George W. Haskins, of Buffalo. As the editor, years ago, of the *Courier*, of that city, as the associate upon the *Democracy*, and later as one of the editors of the Buffalo *Express*, he fairly won the reputation he enjoyed as one of the most graceful, accurate, and pleasing writers connected with the American daily newspaper press. A life of great usefulness and beauty has been suddenly ended at the threshold. He was thirty-two years old."

RECIPES.

APPLE CUSTARD PIES.—Select good sweet apples, such as will cook well; pare, cut fine and stew well. When thoroughly done, stir them briskly until the pieces are all broken fine. Then thin them down to a proper consistency with good milk, and bake with one crust as you would a common custard or pumpkin pie. If you want it richer, one or two eggs may be added.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Pare, core, and slice twelve pippins. Boil a pint of water, with half a pound of loaf sugar, and twelve cloves, and skim. Put the apples in the syrup, and stew them; place them in a deep dish or in custard cups; pour over a quart of custard, and cook them by setting them in a pan of boiling water until the custard forms.

ORANGE CUSTARD.—Boil a Seville orange very tender; take off the rind and beat it to a fine paste. To the remainder of the orange add four ounces of loaf sugar, four eggs well beaten, and a spoonful of brandy. Beat the whole together thoroughly, and then pour gradually in a pint of boiling cream or milk, beating till it is cold, and put it in custard cups. Place the cups in a pan of hot water, and let them remain till they are set.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING.—Pare and core six or eight good tart apples so as to leave them whole, and place them in a pudding-dish. Take a quart of milk and make a custard with three, six, or nine eggs, as you may wish to have it plain or otherwise, and flour enough to make a very thin batter; pour it

over the apples, and bake till it is done. Eat with sugar or other sauce.

MEAT PATTIES.—Make a plain puff paste, and line your patty tins, which should be rather deep. Chop some cold baked or boiled meat, and fill the tins; roll a bit of butter the size of a small hickory-nut in flour, and place in the center of each. Put in one or two teaspoonfuls of water, according to the depth of the tins, and cover with the paste. Bake for fifteen or twenty minutes, or till done, in a moderate oven. These are very nice eaten cold for luncheon.

OLD BEETS.—These should always be soaked in water over night to take off the earthy taste; wash well and boil from one to two hours according to size. When done drop them into a dish of cold water, and rub off the skins quickly. Slice them into a vegetable dish, and pour over a half teacupful or more of hot vinegar, with butter, salt, and pepper. Send them hot to the table.

FOR INVALIDS.

TOAST WATER.—Cut a slice from a wheat loaf, and toast it slowly until dry, and of a nice light brown color. Put it into a pitcher with a spoonful of loaf sugar, and a little nutmeg if the patient is able to bear it; pour over a pint or more of boiling water, cover it, and let it remain four or five minutes, until cool enough to drink; then pour off the water and use immediately. A few mouthfuls of the toast with or without a little salt or butter, will eat very palatably for those who can bear only very light nourishment.

APPLE WATER.—Roast one or two tart apples nicely, and thoroughly; put them in a pitcher and mash them well; pour on from one to two pints of boiling water, according to the size of the apples, and beat them well together; let it stand to cool, and strain for use. Add loaf sugar if the patient desire it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE-TIME. By the Author of **PETER PARLEY'S TALES.** New York: MILLER, ORTON & Co.

The life of Peter Parley can not fail to be interesting to the present generation, who have grown up under the influence of his various lessons for the young. Those who have always looked upon Peter Parley as a

gouty old gentleman, will be glad to know what happened to him when he was young. The book is written in an easy, gossiping style, and running back as its story does to the close of the last century and the commencement of the present one, it gives a better view of the changes of sentiment, customs and modes of living in New-England and the country generally, and of the causes of these changes, than any thing we have seen. It will be read everywhere.

HARPER.—The number for March is before us, and contains its usual interesting variety. "Albany Fifty Years ago" is well illustrated; the paper on "Samuel Johnson" is excellent. "Little Dorrit" serves its usual hash, of spices and sauces, and the "Editor's Table" grows better and better. We are half tempted to steal the present one bodily, for we can not help thinking it was intended for the HOME.

THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The present number sustains fully the reputation of this popular magazine. The writings of its senior editor, T. S. ARTHUR, are too well known to need comment, and Miss TOWNSEND is winning for herself an enviable reputation by her interesting and useful tales.

GODEY'S LADY BOOK.—For March contains a supply of literary matter and patterns for every thing. We think the magazines as a whole are improving in these days of progress.

THE NEW YORK TEACHER.—This journal well deserves the support of all teachers, and of all others who are interested in the progress of our schools, as those who love their race must be. The first article, by Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, is one which should claim the attention of parents as well as teachers.

THE WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER.—Edited by JESSE CLEMENT, and published in this city, comes to us with its old familiar face, solid and substantial as ever. It is one of the oldest of western magazines, and can ask no better proof of its worth than this well sustained vitality.

THE CHRISTIAN BANNER.—Published in Brighton, C. W., is a valuable and well sustained religious journal, and one which should be well sustained and prosperous.